THE

FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE. ACCOMPLISHMENTS. ARTS. AMUSEMENTS. NEWS.

VOL. X. M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1855. TERMS, {$2 00 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. Nº 8.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ISIDORE DE MONTIGNY:

—OR, THE—

SMUGGLER OF ST. MALO.

A STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

A STARTLING ENCOUNTER, WITH A STILL MORE STARTLING FINALE.

Henry had just finished his morning's lesson to his fair pupil, and while Isidore was re-examining some work he had given her to copy he went to the window and looked down into the garden. The marquis and the count had just finished their tour through the grounds, and were returning when Henry looked out. At first he thought the individual whom he saw with the marquis was a perfect stranger to him, but as the pedestrians came nearer to the chateau he recognized the face of the stranger as one which he had seen before, and after a moment's thought he remembered the circumstances under which he had seen it. He remembered that he had seen that same man once skulking about his humble cottage home by the sea, and that he had found him evidently watching him on several other occasions. So he was moved by something besides mere curiosity now.

"Mademoiselle," he said, turning towards his pupil, "will you step this way a moment?"

The maiden quickly laid aside the sheet of paper she had been examining, and went to the window.

"Can you tell me who that man is with your father?" our hero asked, at the same time pointing towards the individual with his finger.

"That is the Count Montfere—Arnaud Montfere," returned Isidore, with a slight shudder.

Henry noticed that shudder in an instant, and a feeling which he could not have explained had he tried shot through his soul.

"And what is he?" the youth asked, assuring himself on the instant that he had no business to trouble himself about what might affect his pupil.

"He owns the great chateau de Vaux, just over the hill."

"But what sort of a man is he?"

"I can only tell you that he is a very unpleasant companion, and that his looks are not at all in his favor, so far as my judgment of physiognomy is concerned. He has not been here before for a long time."

"He seems to be examining the premises with much care," remarked Henry.

"So he does," responded Isidore, with another shudder. "O, I hope father will not sell them to him."

"Why, was ever such a thing broached? Did he ever think of buying them?"

"I remember once he hinted at such a thing. He said both the estates ought to go together, and that he wished he could bring such a thing about."

"And was that all he said?"

"I believe so."

Henry Fretart gazed eagerly into his companion's face, for an idea had presented itself very quickly to his mind which never seemed to have entered hers; but he made no mention of it, though the thought was somehow very painful to him; and again he asked himself what he had to do with his pupil's affairs.

"O, I hope he will go before I go down," uttered Isidore, turning away from the window as the two men had passed from sight beyond the angle of one of the walls. "His company is very disagreeable."

But the sweet girl was doomed to disappointment, for ere long her father sent for her, and she was forced to join him in one of the drawing-rooms where she found Arnaud Montfere awaiting her coming. She saluted the count with as much politeness as she could command, and she was very agreeably disappointed at finding him much less boorish than he had been on former occasions.

The truth was, Montfere was sober now, and he did all in his power to make himself agreeable. He saw where the maiden's likes and dislikes lay, and he made himself very considerate and polite. He was informed that she was at present taking lessons in drawing and coloring, and he entered into an elaborate and extensive panegyric upon the art. He wished to know of whom she was receiving her instructions, but he only learned that it was a poor artist who was stopping at the chateau for a few days.

Not a word was said upon the subject of the morning's conference, for the marquis had promised to speak with his child upon that point at such time as he should think proper. The count remained to dinner, and so well did he behave that Isidore made up her mind that she could bear his company once in a while, if he would not come too often, and would always keep sober when he did come. But there was something in his countenance that repulsed her from any intimacy. His features were all thick and sensual. His lips were thick, especially the lower one, and then his nose had a tendency to flatness. And then his peculiar gray eyes were against him. Their light was flickering and uncertain, and Isidore did not fail to notice when they sparkled and when they did not. She noticed that his eyes did not always corroborate the statement of his tongue, and only did they sparkle with any degree of inward appreciation when some allusion was accidentally made in a sensual direction. At the mention of wine and wassail, and at the thought of money and treasure, his eyes would light up with that peculiar fire which shows that the inner man is appreciating it. But while he was praising art his eyes were as cold and unsteady as a Laplander's would be at the thought of fine linen and starch. In short, Isidore de Montigny read him well enough to satisfy herself that he was far from being either a good man or a true one, and she felt a sense of great relief when he arose to depart, though she could not appreciate her father's earnest request that he should come again as soon as possible.

But Arnaud Montfere did not leave any too soon for his own credit, for he was beginning to forget the solemn assurance he had given to his host, and was drinking rather more wine than became an abstemious man. However, he did not lose himself, and he left before he had drank enough to expose his prevailing weakness to the marquis.

The road which was followed in going from the chateau de Montigny to the chateau de Vaux ran along upon the bank of the Ille about a quarter of a mile to the southward, and then it followed the little river de Vaux to the eastward nearly three miles. After Isidore had left him Henry Fretart took his sketching implements and went out on this road to sketch a scene upon the small stream where an old mill stood by the side of a steep fall. He had taken the sketch and was on his return home, having nearly reached the main road, when he heard the sound of horse's hoofs, and on looking ahead he saw Arnaud Montfere coming. His first impulse was to leave the road and pursue his way to the chateau across the fields, but he knew that he had been seen by the horseman, and he would not show any desire to escape him; and furthermore he would like to know something more of the man. He was armed, so he had no fear of personal danger.

In a few moments the horseman came up, and as their eyes met he stopped.

"Hallo!" he shouted, partly in surprise and partly in command. "Who are you?"

"I am a man, sir, free born, and of lawful age," was Henry's reply, at the same time gazing the count steadily in the eye.

"You are pert, at all events. But what are you doing up here?"

A quick answer was upon the youth's lips, but he thought that the easiest manner to pass this point would be the simple truth, and he replied:

"I have been back here a short distance to sketch an old mill."

"Sketch an old mill! What do you mean?"

"I mean, to take a drawing of it—to make a picture of it," returned Henry, rather tartly, speaking as though he were teaching a child the definition of a very simple word.

Arnaud Montfere changed color in an instant, and his gray eyes burned with a deep fire.

"You are an artist, then!" he said, drawing his rein tight that he might hide the tremulousness of his hand.

"I sometimes amuse myself in that way," answered Fretart.

"And it is you who are giving lessons to the Lady Isidore de Montigny?"

"I am," answered our hero, moving back a pace, for he did not like the looks of the count's movements.

Montfere sprang from his saddle and approached the youth with a quick step; but he stopped before he had reached him, and placed his hand within his bosom. Henry did the same, for he carried his pistol in that place.

"You are a deserter, sir!" uttered the count, seeming almost too deeply moved to speak.

"I am no deserter," quickly retorted the youth, turning a shade paler than usual.

"You *are* a deserter, and you deserted from the English man-of-war that laid in the harbor of St. Malo a short time since."

"It is false, sir. I am no deserter. I was brutally seized and carried on board that ship—and," continued the youth, the idea flashing like a shock of lightning upon him, "I believe you had a hand in it!"

"Me? Ha, ha, ha," laughed the count; but the laugh was a spasmodic one, and he could not hide the fact that the accusation had startled him somewhat. "Me!" he added. "You are witty, very."

"I have seen you skulking around my father's cot, sir," cried Henry, "and I have noticed you dogging me in the street. It was some enemy who caused my cowardly seizure, and why may it not have been you?"

"Ha, ha, ha. And why should I cherish enmity towards such as you?"

Now this question caused a very curious train of thoughts to flash through our hero's mind—and they did *flash* through, for he was not ten seconds engaged in them. But first came the remark he had heard the smuggler make about the cause of his impressment—then came the mystery of his birth—and then he thought that this Count Arnaud Montfere might have some strange reason for fearing him. Such were the thoughts that rushed through the young man's mind, and stepping back a pace he said:

"I have no means of answering your question, sir; but you will prove that you are no enemy of mine by pursuing your own way, and allowing me to pursue mine."

"If you are a deserter, I am not so ready to let you go."

"And are you nothing but a hanger-on for British gold?" cried Henry, with bitter sarcasm. "Do our French nobles do the dirty work of English press-gangs?"

Hardly had these words passed the young man's lips when Montfere sprang towards him. Henry drew his pistol, but before he could cock it, it was knocked from his grasp, and on the next instant the count presented his own pistol.

"I'll teach you to draw a pistol upon a French nobleman!" he muttered between his clenched teeth.

His finger was upon the trigger, and Henry saw it, and he felt sure, too, that the villain meant to kill him. He could now smell the strong fumes of wine, and he knew that his adversary would be reckless of consequences. With all his might the youth drew himself from the grasp that held him, and then with one blow of his fist he sent the count reeling to the opposite side of the road. He meant to have knocked his pistol away from him, but he did not. After this our hero's first movement was to look for his own pistol, but it was some seconds before he could search it out, and just as he was about to spring towards it, he heard a low, brutal chuckle from his enemy. He stopped and turned, and he saw the count seated upon the grass, with his left hand stretched out to steady himself, while with the right he was pointing a heavy pistol directly at him. The pistol was cocked, and the count's eye was levelled to its sight.

"You are too late, you young fisher's bastard!" muttered Montfere. "Your life is spent for this world. You wont attempt to shoot another French nobleman upon the king's highway!"

Henry knew well what this last sentence meant. The villain count could now shoot him, and then swear that he did it in self-defence. He might tell that he "attempted to arrest the youth, as was his right, and that the fellow drew a pistol." And this would all be true. No one would ever know that Arnaud Montfere was a murderer, save God alone! These thoughts passed like a shot through the youth's mind while the count's pistol was being aimed directly at his heart. His own weapon was too far for him to reach it, and even had it been at his feet it would have been of no use, for his enemy was ready to fire at any instant.

"Hold a moment," said the count, still keeping his aim, with his finger upon the trigger. "Before I shoot you, let me tell you that *I know you!* No person on earth can save you, for you and I cannot both live in France. You would have been—Beware! Move but a hair and I fire. Arnaud Montfere never misses his mark, nor does his pistol miss his fire—You would have been wise had you remained on board the Englishman, but it's too late now, for you know too much! Shut your eyes now, for you have seen your last of earth!"

Henry Fretart did shut his eyes, for he had no power to help himself, but it was not with fear. He would utter one word of prayer, and if he lived to do that, then he meant to spring upon his antagonist and run the risk. He just murmured a simple prayer, and then he opened his eyes. He saw the muzzle of the pistol drop—a brushing sound was near him—an oath dropped from the count's lips, and on the next moment a female form stood between himself and the weapon that had menaced him with death.

"Arnaud Montfere, what would ye do?" spoke the presence that had thus unexpectedly come upon the ground.

"Save my own life from an assassin!" gasped the count, starting to his feet.

"Liar!" spoke the woman, in a tone so bitter that even Henry shuddered to hear it.

The woman looked upon our hero, and he returned the gaze. She was a tall, commanding woman, somewhere in the prime of physical life, and though deeply bronzed, yet she was comely in feature. Her eyes were black as coal, her hair long, black, and floating wildly over her shoulders, and her dress somewhat after the style of the wandering gipsies of the times, though rich in material, and scrupulously neat and clean. Her head was now bare, but in her left hand she carried a silken hat, and in her right she held a heavy, silver-mounted pistol. Those eyes seemed to pierce the youth through like gleams from a magic wand, and upon her face sat a spirit that moved him so strangely that for the while he forgot all about the scene through which he had just passed.

Again she turned towards the count, and as he now met the glance of her eyes he started back and actually trembled so that his pistol dropped from his grasp, exploding from the concussion of the fall, but without doing any harm.

"Arnaud Montfere," she said, in a deep, strange tone, "you cannot deceive me. There is murder in your soul. Ah, you need not start, for you see I am armed." And she raised her ready pistol as she spoke.

"Woman, or fiend, who are you?" the count gasped, clutching his hands above his eyes and gazing like one half-crazed. "Who are ye?"

"One who could put you in mind of a person you would not wish to hear from. O, you need not look so sharply, for you will know me not, even when you think you know me most. Now get thee upon thy horse and be off. Stop not here if you would not die! Your horse waits for you."

Arnaud Montfere stood like one thunderstruck, and for a moment he moved not. He tried at length to speak, but his words failed him. He looked upon Henry Fretart, and his eyes gleamed with a quick fire, and his hands were clutched with nervous force. But he looked again upon the woman, and his eyes became vacant with wildness, and his hands rested convulsively upon his bosom.

"Speak!" he uttered, moving as though he would have taken a step forward, but yet remaining where he was. "Speak—and tell me—"

"Mount your horse and be off!" interrupted the woman, imperatively. "It shall be the worse for you if you do not."

The count hesitated a moment more, and then he stooped and picked up the pistol he had dropped, and when he had secured this he turned towards his horse. His movements were slow and hesitating, and there was a palpable tremor all through his frame. At length he reached his saddle, and as he gathered up his reins he turned towards Henry Fretart.

"I should not have thought of harming you if you had not drawn a pistol upon me," he said, in a forced tone.

"Ah, your words on the occasion give the lie to that!" retorted the youth.

"What words!"

"You remember what you said."

"Pooh! Would you place importance to them? I meant only that no man could live who had attempted my own life. That is what I meant, and all I meant. I meant to have arrested you as a deserter—that was all—and you tried to shoot me."

"Out, false man!" cried the woman. "You need not say more."

"But it is true, what I have said."

"Then so be it. Go now."

Arnaud Montfere gave one more look upon the youth, but he did not speak, for on the instant he met the gaze of the strange woman, and with a low, muttered curse he started his horse on. He did not turn to look back, though once he almost stopped his horse.

"He is loading his pistol," said the woman.

And so he was, and when it was loaded he placed it back in his bosom, and ere long afterwards he had disappeared beyond the small hill to the right of which stood the old mill.

CHAPTER X.

HEART STRUGGLES.

After Arnaud Montfere had passed from sight Henry Fretart turned towards his strange companion. He found her gazing upon him, and again his eyes were fastened upon her by a power that seemed above his own. He had surely seen that face before, but when or where he could not tell. The woman smiled upon him, and the smile was sweet to his soul.

"Henry Fretart," she said, "I have saved you from that man now, but hereafter you must beware of him, for he means you harm."

"Never mind him now," returned the youth, with nervous anxiety, "I know him for a villain; but of yourself let me know!"

"And what of me?"

"Who are you?"

"That would do you no good."

"Yes it would. Do not put me off so. Tell me who you are?"

"Not now, Henry—it would do you no good. In time you shall know. But beware of Arnaud Montfere. He is a villain, and he means you harm. You have friends, but they cannot be always with you. Keep your eyes open, and be ever on the alert for him."

"I will, I will," vehemently cried the youth. "I will; but you shall tell me what I ask. You shall tell me who you are. O, do not refuse me!"

"Not now, my friend. You will have as much as you can do to mind the wicked count, without minding me. We shall meet again."

"No, no—you shall not leave me," exclaimed Henry, as the woman moved as though she would have turned away. "In the name of God, I bid you stop! I have known you in other times—in other years. Do not shake your head, for I know I have—I have seen you when I was not so old as I am now. O, speak, and tell me who you are?"

"I am one who would serve you, Henry Fretart."

"Call me not by that name!" the young man cried, seizing the woman by the arm. "*Call me by my right name!*"

The woman trembled like an aspen, but she did not shrink from the hand that was laid upon her.

"What mean you, mad boy!" she asked, in a hushed, subdued tone. "Is not your name Henry Fretart!"

"No, no! You know it is not!"

"Then you should surely know the truth as well as I. Ask me no more, but let me go."

"No, no—not yet shall you go. Tell me what I ask. O, tell me who you are?"

"I can tell you nothing. I have saved you now, and I will save you again if I have power when there is need, though I hope that need may never come."

"Once more—tell me what I ask? Who are you?"

The youth spoke in a frenzied tone, and his whole frame trembled.

"One thing I for,ot," said the woman, speaking hurriedly, and in a subdued tone. "Speak not of what has happened at the chateau, for we must not frighten Arnaud Montfere. Let others have the handling of him, and until our meshes are ready be you on your guard. We shall meet again, and then you may ask your question."

"But you must answer now. I ask you once more—who are you? Speak."

But she did not speak, and the young man continued:

"I know your face—I know your sweet smile; there is that in your features which cannot be blotted from the page of my memory. I can look back many long years—clear away back to the time when sweet lullabies hushed me to slumber, and at that time your eyes beamed upon me. O, you need not shake your head so surely, for I know, you remember those times. You remember when those eyes poured out their tears upon me. God in heaven tells me what I now know. Speak to me—tell me—tell me—tell me—that—you are my—MOTHER!"

"Thy mother, boy?"

"Yes, yes, I know it. My God and my own heart tell me so."

"No, no, no!" shrieked the woman. She threw her arms about the young man's neck—imprinted one warm, burning kiss upon his manly cheek, and then she started away.

"I am no mother to you—none—none! No, no, no. Beware of the count—O, Henry, beware! I am no—no mother. Look to your life, for you must not die. Follow me not! Beware! if you would live, follow me not. We shall meet again."

As the strange woman thus spoke she darted away over the fence by the foot of the hill; leaped across the swift stream from rock to rock, and in a moment more she was lost to sight in the woods beyond.

Henry watched her until she had gone from his sight, and he did not follow, for some spell seemed to bind him to the spot. When she was gone he turned to move away, but his brain reeled, and his head grew dizzy. A thousand fantastic lights seemed dancing before his eyes; then everything began to whirl about—and while he yet put forth his arms to feel his way towards a bright spirit that beckoned to him from the swiftly revolving mass, his steps faltered, his limbs grew weak, and he sank down upon the greensward, mindless of all the outer things of life.

* * * * *

When Henry came to himself the sun was shining down hot upon him, and was some two or three hours past its zenith, so our hero knew that he could not have laid there long. This was his first thought, for he only remembered that he had by some means fallen, and he wondered how severe his fit had been. But soon the memory of what had passed came back to him—he remembered the scene with Arnaud Montfere, and then came the strange presence that had stepped in to save his life. Was all this a dream? No, for he looked in the loose dirt in the horse-path, and he saw the track of female feet. He gazed all about him, but he could see nothing save the green fields upon one hand, and the rushing stream and the woods upon the other. Awhile he meditated upon what course he should pursue. He knew that he had seen his mother; he felt morally sure of it, and he would have travelled through all the woods in the kingdom could he hope thereby to join her, and remain with her; but he remembered the words she had spoken, and the manner she had used, and he knew there would be no use in pursuit; so at length he turned his steps slowly towards the chateau, and when he reached it he at once sought his own chamber, for he knew that he looked pale and excited, and he did not wish to be questioned.

Of course our hero's thoughts must have been of a strange character, for he had seen and heard enough to make any one in like circumstances very nervous and anxious. For a while he reflected upon the conduct of the count, and he came to the conclusion that in some manner he stood in Montfere's way—but *how* was more than he could even guess. At first he thought of taking some steps to bring the villain to an account for his assault upon him, but upon more mature deliberation he resolved to let him rest for the present. He remembered what the woman had said—the warning and the advice—and he meant to follow it. He saw that he could do nothing with the law against the nobleman, and he meant only to keep his eyes open, and always be prepared for danger.

On the next morning the youth gave his lesson to his pupil, and though she must have noticed that he was very sedate and taciturn, yet she made no remark upon it, but her manners were more tender and warm-hearted than usual, and Henry found himself drawn towards her with an affection which he did not try to overcome. Isidore saw that the youth was sad, and perhaps she thought 'twas his friendless position that made him so. At all events she smiled more sweetly than usual, as though she would convince him that she, at least, was his friend.

Thus passed away two weeks, and during that time Henry had neither seen the Count Montfere, nor had he heard from him. Neither had he seen the smuggler, nor the strange woman who had met him near the old mill. But old Pierre came up often to see his son, and so did the youth frequently go down to the little cot by the sea to meet his old protector.

And during these two weeks Isidore de Montigny had made rapid progress in her study of drawing—so much so, that even her father expressed himself as perfectly delighted with the evidences of her skill, and his thanks to the young artist tutor were warm and flattering.

And during these two weeks Henry Fretart had learned to love the gentle girl who had been so often his companion. Of late they had talked and read much together, and even Isidore seemed to feel more happy when the youth was by her side. Her smile was more joyous, and her cheeks wore more of the rose in their warm hue. Henry had discovered the truth, he had looked into his own heart, and he had confessed that he loved the beautiful maiden. He loved her with an ardor so strong that every sense of his soul had become wrapped up in it, and his only lamp of life that illumined the home of earth about him, was the sweet face and sweeter smile of his beloved.

But could he ever hope that his love might be reciprocated? Ah, he did hope that—and this hope at first made him happy. But then there came another thought: Could he ever possess her for his own? There came an answer up from the deep of his own judgment, and it said, "No!" And this made the youth unhappy. But he tried with all his might to conquer it, and he did succeed in becoming calm. But he could not be happy.

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE.

One afternoon Henry, who was at that time sitting in his own room, heard the sound of a horse in the yard, and leaving the sketch upon which he was engaged he went to the window. It was Arnaud Montfere who had come, and the youth sank back into a chair almost overcome by the emotions which the sight of that man called up. But his mind was settled upon the course he would pursue, and he resolved to keep himself out of the way until the count had gone. He went back to his desk and resumed his work, but his hand trembled.

Just as the sun was setting the count left the house, and shortly afterwards Isidore sought her own room, and blessed God that the evil-looking man was gone, for she had been obliged to keep him company nearly the whole of the afternoon. The marquis followed the count out into the court, and the two remained there and conversed until nearly dark. Their words were earnest and low, and whatever may have been the subject under consideration, it must have been one of more than ordinary interest. When the marquis returned to the chateau he sought his child, but he found her not feeling very well, and he told her he would see her on the morrow. She asked him what he would speak of, but he did not tell her.

On the next forenoon Henry sat in his studio, whither he had gone to receive his pupil. It was a small room on the second floor, and overlooked the garden. It was Isidore who had given it the name of *studio*. It was now nearly time for the lesson to commence, and the tutor was ready. He had finished the outlines of a sketch, the old mill upon the de Vaux river, and he was going to instruct his pupil how to fill it up. It had a most capital chance for the effect of light and shade, and Henry hoped his fair pupil would be able to go on and put in the shades without much of his assistance.

The weather without was dark and gloomy. It had been raining during the latter part of the night, and the sky was now wholly overcast, and a cold, drizzling rain was falling. Henry felt the influence of the spell, and while he sat there in his chair his eyes turned from the dreary prospect without to the picture upon the table before him. He remembered where and when he had taken the original of that sketch, and he remembered the strange circumstances that followed. He thought of that woman who had saved his life, and again the idea came to him that she was his mother. Thence his mind ran back to the days of his earlier youth, and he felt the spirit of sadness creeping over him. At length the image of his fair pupil arose to his mind, and he pondered upon the relations he sustained towards her. He loved her beyond all power of description, but he felt sure that the spirit of fate would tear her from him. The raindrops pattered mournfully against the window, and their dull, dirge-like music struck the most sadly-tuned chords of our hero's soul. He bowed his head, and tears began to gather in his eyes.

At length the door of the apartment was opened, and Isidore entered. Henry looked up, and with a quick movement he brushed the tears from his eyes and bade her good morning; but his voice was low and sad.

"My dear teacher," cried Isidore, moving quickly forward and laying her hand upon his shoulder, "you are sad this morning, and you have been weeping."

"O, no, not weeping, lady," said the youth, looking up with a faint smile.

"But there are tears upon your cheeks, even now."

"I have been reflecting upon the past, and I have been sad. Tears, you know, sometimes flow when there has been no weeping. Joy sometimes brings tears to the eyes."

"I know it; but tell me why you should be sad. Are you not happy here?" the maiden asked, with touching tenderness.

"O, I have been very happy here," Henry answered quickly. "The hours spent beneath this roof, some of them, have been the happiest of my life; but they cannot last always. The time must soon come when those hours shall have passed away to return no more. But we will to our lesson now. See, I have prepared a beautiful study for you."

Isidore sat down and took up a pencil, but her hand trembled so that she could not use it. She looked up and saw that new tears were starting out from her teacher's eyes.

"Ah," she uttered, in a tone of the deepest feeling, "you are very sad. Tell me why it is?"

"Do not ask me, lady," answered the youth, with trembling lips. "I will show my sadness no more."

"But tell me what makes you sad?" persisted Isidore. "It sometimes soothes the troubled heart only to pour out the burden of its grief to a friend. I am your friend."

These words, spoken in tender accents, and with eyes beaming all that the words could mean, touched a sensitive chord in the youth's bosom. He tried to speak, but he could not, and covering his face with his hands he sank down into his chair. In a moment more he heard the maiden move closer to him, and he felt again that soft hand upon his shoulder.

"What is it?" she whispered. "Tell me?"

"O, if I were to tell you all, you would hate me; you would drive me from you at once."

"You cannot have been guilty of crime?" murmured Isidore, in alarm.

"No, no, no," quickly cried the youth; "unless it be a crime to—"

"Speak on," whispered the trembling girl.

"I must not tell you—I ought not to tell you," uttered Henry, with some vehemence. "And yet I know not what harm it can do save to myself. It will break the spell that now holds me, that's all."

"I am your friend—speak it. I shall not blame you, even if you tell me that you will teach me no more."

Henry gazed into his companion's face a moment in silence. At length he reached forth his hand and laid it upon her arm, and then he said, in a voice so low and tremulous that it seemed almost the breathing of some mournful wind-dirge:

"I came here to your home without any previous thought or will of my own. You know the circumstances that led me here. During the first night of my stay beneath this roof I wondered what sort of a being it was whom I had saved from ruffian hands. At length I saw you, and for the first time in my life I found the wish alive in my soul that I might enjoy such society through life—such sense, such kindness, and such pureness of thought and speech—that was what attracted me. In time you came under my tutorship—and, here again there was no previous will on my part. But you came, and I taught you. I have seen you often—have conversed with you and seen all your virtue and goodness of soul. And there came a spirit spreading itself through my soul the presence of which I knew not until it had taken post at every avenue of my thoughts. When it came or how I know not. Its power is mysterious, and no tongue can picture it. But the truth is all plain to me now. My heart left its home of cheerless repose in a lonesome bosom and rested upon you. Now you know all. Spurn me not, for I am not to blame. It is not my fault that I have loved you, for it came of circumstances over which I could hold no control. But it must pass now. The heart must return to itself, but its joy will be gone—its image of life will be torn away, and all buried in grief it must bleed and weep. You know now why I am sad. Forgive me, lady."

Isidore de Montigny was strangely affected. The tears rolled down her cheeks, and with a deep, long-drawn sigh she sank forward until her head rested upon her tutor's bosom, and there she wept. Instinctively did Henry Fretart pass his arm about her waist, and in a moment more he had pressed her to his bosom and bowed his own head by the side of hers. He dared not speak—he dared not move.

And thus they remained—the tutor and the scholar—for some minutes, and the thoughts that passed through the mind of the former were so wild and frantic that they gave no reliable impress upon his mind. His arms were both about the form of the being he so wildly loved, and she did not shrink from him nor attempt to arise. Was there not a thrill of hope amongst the whirling emotions that possessed him?

At length the maiden started up. She brushed the floating hair back from her eyes, and then gazed into Henry's face.

"Forgive me," he said.

"O, my preserver, my friend, my tutor," murmured the weeping girl, "were I to tell you the story of my own soul for the past few weeks, I should speak exactly as you have spoken."

"But can you mean that you love me? that your heart is mine?" whispered the youth.

"Yes, yes, and I have known it long. And why should I not love you? You are the first and only man who has ever kept me company that met my ideas of what a man should be, and I am not one who can trample the affections of the heart under the foot of cold and bleak social fallacy. I am not ashamed, nor do I fear to own it. So, let what will come, you have my heart, together with its whole load of warm and pure love."

Once more Isidore was clasped to the lover's bosom, and after the first wild transports of joy were passed the mind of the youth turned upon the stern realities by which their love was surrounded.

"Now we know each other's secret," he said, "but what will your father say when he knows of it?"

"I do not know what he will say," returned the maiden, thoughtfully, but yet with a deep shade of doubt upon her features. "I know he is rigid in his ideas of family and rank, but then he loves me, and I do not think he would make me miserable."

"O, what a thing is doubt and suspense," uttered Henry, with some bitterness. "Isidore, I will tell you a secret respecting myself. I am not the son of the poor fisherman. My father was a soldier, and was slain in battle, and my mother left me with Pierre Fretart." And Henry told to his companion all he knew, even to the meeting with the strange woman upon the de Vaux byway.

When he had concluded the maiden looked up with wonder depicted upon her face, and after a moment's thought she said:

"That is very strange. I have heard a story something like it before."

"You have?" cried Henry. "Tell me when?"

"I cannot call it to mind now. I only know that your story seems to be a part of something that I have before heard—just as you might see some piece of machinery, or read some peculiar sentence, and the idea would come to you at once that you were familiar with it, though the cause you could not give. It must have been a long while ago, or I should remember it. But I hope you will solve the mystery. O, why may it not be possible that fate may yet lift you up among the nobles of our native France?"

This was spoken with sudden vehemence, and in a tone of hope.

"Ah, Isidore, I have dreamed that such was the fact an hundred times, but I dare not dwell upon it with any degree of hope, for circumstances are against me. Why should my mother have left me, but through poverty? No, no, I fear there is no such fate in store. I can only be what God has made me—an honest, true-hearted man."

"And is not that enough?" cried the fair girl. "O, if there were more who could claim such a title to fame, how much brighter would be the great page of humanity! But my father must surely appreciate your worth, even though fate has placed no bauble of rank upon your breast."

And thus they talked, and they let their hope outstrip their sounder sense and judgment. There was no lesson, save of love, given or received on that day, and when they at length separated they had made their first pledge. Their vows were plighted, and their hearts were one, and they were happy—happy for the brief while!

CHAPTER XII.

A MONSTROUS IDEA.

On the following day Isidore went to the "studio" and received her lesson. She filled up the sketch of the old mill with a pure taste and judgment, and the moments were sweetened by words of warm and glowing love. Now they talked as though they were the only two people in existence, and as though the only circumstances that could operate upon them were their own wills. They were day-dreamers.

After dinner the marquis sought his child in her own room. He seemed in a hurry and full of business, and as he sat down upon one of the lounges he complimented the maiden upon the bloom of health that shone upon her cheeks.

"Now, Isidore," he said, laying his hands upon his knees, "I am going to open to you a matter of more than ordinary importance. I have had some conversation with the Count Montfere, and we have come to the conclusion that our two estates should become united."

"That you would make one estate of them!" asked the fair girl, much surprised.

"Yes. Do you not think it would be a good plan?"

"I hope you do not mean to sell out to him, father?"

"O, no, not at all. He does not wish to buy."

"Then you will buy, I suppose?"

"No, Isidore—not quite."

"Then what can you mean? I hope you do not mean to join with him and make the property common between you?"

"Not exactly so. Can't you think of one other way?"

"I'm sure I cannot."

"Then I must enlighten you. Arnaud Montfere has asked me for your hand."

"What—he? Arnaud Montfere? the count?" uttered Isidore, elevating her eyebrows, in blank astonishment.

"Yes. Now do you understand?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the maiden, really amused by the absurdity of the thing. "He has more impudence than I gave him credit for."

The marquis was slightly taken aback by this, but he soon recovered himself.

"He has made the proposition, Isidore, and I have listened to it."

"Of course you would listen."

"Yes—and I not only listened, but I told him he might hope."

"Might hope!" uttered the maiden, beginning to think there might be something serious in the affair after all. "Might hope for what? What did you tell him he might hope for?"

"For your hand."

"You should not jest so, father, even with Arnaud Montfere, for he may be really in earnest, and take you to be the same."

"Upon my soul, Isidore, it is you who are inclined to jest. Montfere was in earnest, and so was I. I hope you do not think that you are always going to live here with me?"

"Of course not. I expect at some time, if I live, to be married."

"Just so; and here is a chance—and a most excellent chance."

"Do you mean the chance to marry with Arnaud Montfere? Do you mean that you would under any circumstances, suffer that man to marry with your child?"

"Most assuredly I would; and to convince you of it, I have only to tell you that already have I promised him that you should be his wife."

Isidore turned pale, for she felt sure now that her father was in earnest; yet she did not fully realize that the affair was settled, for it was one of such rank, unmitigated absurdity to her mind that she could not take it all in at one swoop.

"I must surely understand what you say," she at length replied, "but it is entirely beyond my power to comprehend your meaning, for I cannot think that you have given the subject any consideration, but that you have chosen to speak with me before doing so."

"You are entirely mistaken, my child," returned the marquis. "I *have* considered upon the subject for a long while, and I have made up my mind only after the most mature deliberation. It is sure that all interests require that you should marry. The next thing is a husband. Now among all my acquaintances I know of none better qualified than the count. He is not an old man—he has understanding and experience—is kind to his friends—and possesses one of the finest estates in the province—I may safely say, the finest. He can give you a good home, and you will then be in a position of standing and importance in society. So I have made up my mind as I have told you."

For some moments after her father had ceased speaking, Isidore sat in silence. Her face changed its hue many times, but a bright flush of indignation was the final settling point. Her small white hands were clasped in nervous power, and her tiny feet worked spasmodically upon the carpet.

"I am forced to believe that you are in earnest," she at length said, "but of course you will grant me the privilege of having some influence in the settlement of the affair?"

"Of course I will listen to what you may say, but you must remember that I am governed by experience, and I should not be likely to allow a child's prejudice to overcome it."

"Speak not so, my father," said the maiden, warmly. "To even the infant God has given the instinct of self preservation, and in the bosoms of all his creatures he has planted a set of sentinels which are quicker on the scent than the mere cold judgment of older heads. I speak only of affairs of the heart. My every sense of safety and joy turns me from Arnaud Montfere with loathing and disgust, and sooner than become his wife I would lay me down here and die. Such a thing can never be."

The marquis was considerably moved by this. He had not expected such a demonstration, and for a few moments he was at a loss how to proceed. Through all his experience as a father he had never yet found one feature in Isidore's disposition that he could have wished different. She was kind, faithful, loving, dutiful, and ever mindful of his joy and comfort, and she had nursed him when he was sick, and been the light of his home when he was well. But he looked upon her now, and her timidity was gone, for she was called upon to protect the dearest right of her soul. Yet he had given his word, and he had resolved upon his point, and he was by no means prepared to give up.

"You will think better of this, my child," he ventured, at length.

"Never," was Isidore's prompt reply. "When the timid child will court the wolf, or the shy horse seek out the home of the lion, then will I marry with Arnaud Montfere. Why, what can you be thinking of? He is old enough to be my father—he is rough and evil-looking. He is a drunkard and a libertine—and a senseless, arrogant, bad man."

"Nay, nay, my daughter—you give too loose scope to your tongue. The count has given up his too frequent libations, and your other points are all imaginary. Let me hear no more of this. I hope I shall not be forced to use any authority to force you to do as I wish."

Isidore turned pale now, for her father spoke that last sentence in such a tone and manner as could leave no doubt as to his meaning.

"One word," she uttered, with her hands clasped—"have you fully made up your mind that I shall wed with the count?"

"I have."

"Then I can only say, you have set a torch to the fabric of our peace that shall lay the whole in ruins! And yet I cannot believe that you will persist in it. I cannot believe that you will force me to plant a dagger in my own bosom."

"I wish you to take time to consider of this, Isidore. Do not say any more until you can speak with some degree of fairness and consideration. You understand me now, and will know how and what to think. You had better overcome your prejudices, and not force me to do that which would be unpleasant and repulsive, but which I *should* do before I could allow my parental authority to be crushed under your thoughtless feet."

What could the poor girl say now? She thought of Henry Fretart, and then she compared him with Arnaud Montfere, and her soul sickened at the contrast. She knew that she would not wed with the latter—her whole soul was up in arms, and as soon would she have thought of taking her own life. And yet she wished not to make her father angry, for she saw that he was restive under her refusal. And then how dark arose this cloud over the love that had so lately been pledged! What hope had she now that her father would ever look with favor upon the poor, nameless tutor! But Isidore de Montigny was not yet sunken in despair. The thought of wedding with Arnaud Montfere was yet too absurd to be held in absolute fear. She felt sure that some event would transpire to stop her father in his mad career of matrimonial planning.

"You will think of this," said the marquis, as he arose to his feet. "You will reflect upon what you have heard, and remember what I have expressed."

"And father," returned the maiden, with a calmness that surprised even herself, "will you not reciprocate the favor, by reflecting upon what I have said?"

"Ah, my child, I shall not easily forget the disposition you have manifested, nor—"

"Stop, stop, my father," cried Isidore, starting up and springing towards him. "You wrong me by such words. Remember how fondly I have loved you for these many years. Remember how true I have been since my angel mother died—and how faithfully your child has obeyed you in word and deed. Remember this, and then, if you think it would make you happier, you may remember what she said when you opened to her a life-plan that struck a dagger to her heart, and filled her soul with horror. Be fair and candid, my father, and you will not find much to blame in your child. O, I know you will not."

There was a tear upon Philip de Montigny's cheek, but he quickly wiped it away, and after a moment's pause he said:

"I do not chide you, Isidore. Only I want you to set aside all childish whims, and reflect calmly upon what I have said. In what I have done I have been governed solely by an eye to your good, and I still firmly believe that the plan will work as I have anticipated. Reflect calmly upon it, and let no childish whims step in to overthrow calm judgment."

Isidore made no reply to this, for her father immediately turned and left the room as he ceased speaking. When he had gone she went and sat down by her window and looked out upon the garden. She felt sad and oppressed, but she did not weep. She pondered upon what she had heard, and the more she pondered the more convinced did she become that she should never be the wife of Arnaud Montfere. She saw him only as a bold, bad man, and she felt sure that her father's eyes would be opened to his true character, and that then he would be the first to oppose the very idea he now held. But she did not know how firm her father was in his resolve, and it was well for her own peace of mind that she did not.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SEA AT NIGHT!

The cold rain of the preceding day had all gone, and the warm sunshine of the day that was just closing had drank up the dampness and left the greensward dry and grateful. Henry Fretart worked nearly the whole of the afternoon at making up a study for his fair pupil, little dreaming while he worked, of the scene that was passing between her and her father. He had finished the task, and when it was done he found that it was near sunset. He felt somewhat worn and fatigued by confinement, and he resolved to walk out upon the hill back of the chateau and see the sun sink to rest. Having made up his mind to this effect he loaded his pistols, and having placed them in the inner breast pockets of his frock, he put on his cap and sallied forth. He could not but think, as he passed through the garden, how delightful it would be to have the society of Isidore now—to have her companionship during his sunset ramble; and once, at the postern, he stopped, and was half resolved to turn back and seek her, but he remembered that the marquis was at home, and that their secret love might betray itself. So he kept on alone.

It was over a mile to the top of the hill, and the path he chose to follow led through a wide copse of oak, which stretched from the garden wall, around to the left, clear to the foot of the hill. Henry reached the brow of the eminence just as the sun's lower disk had touched the distant headland of the Frehel cape, and so much absorbed was he by the glorious scene that he gave no note to other things about him. Had he looked down upon the path he had just followed, he would have seen men moving cautiously along towards the hill, and he would have seen that instead of keeping the path they kept in the wood, and seemed to be making their way around the base of the hill towards the northward and eastward.

But our youthful adventurer noticed nothing of it. He only gazed upon the magnificent scene before him, and wondered how any man could live, and see such scenes, and not bow in humble adoration before the God whose pencil could paint such nature. His own soul was lost in reverential awe, and he could not but thank his Maker that he had a soul capable of appreciating the beauties that surrounded him.

But the sun went down, and then the youth gazed upon the mass of molten gold that rested upon the horizon. But even this ere long deepened into a more sombre shade, and a spirit of sadness came to take the place of the wonder and admiration that had been rife in the youth's soul. A sense of loneliness crept over him, and his mind dwelt again upon the dark side of his life-picture. The dew was beginning to fall damp and cold, and the youth thought of returning to the chateau. He arose to his feet and started to move down the hill, but he had not taken a dozen steps ere he heard a brushing sound behind him, and on the next instant his eye caught the form of a man at no great distance. A sense of danger came to him, and he quickly placed his hand upon one of his pistols, but before he could draw it he received a blow upon the side of the head which staggered him and caused him to fall, and before he could regain either his strength or his reason, he was seized by three stout men, and his arms were pinioned behind him. His mind was not so much confused but that he knew all that was going on, and by the time he was lifted to his feet his mind was clear again.

"Now, my *bon vivant*, you'll come with us," said one of the men, in a coarse, gruff voice.

Henry strove with all his might to free himself from the bonds that confined his arms, but he could not. The cords were strong, and he only gave himself pain in the attempt.

"What means this, villains?" he cried, turning fiercely upon him who had spoken.

"Only that we want you to come with us, *mon cher*," coolly replied the ruffian. "So come along and mind your stops."

"But tell me what all this means?"

"Don't play so innocent, *mon ami*, because it will be of no use. Aint you a deserter?"

"O, villains! cowards!" gasped the youth, "will you, too, cloak your villany thus? I am no deserter."

"Yes, you be. You deserted from the English ship. It's no use, for we know you did—so come along."

Of course the youth went "along," for he could not well avoid it, seeing that three stout men were urging him on. But he did not lose his thoughts. The villains had not yet discovered his pistols, and he did not mean that they should if he could avoid it, and he hoped that they might yet be of some service to him. He naturally turned his thoughts upon Arnaud Montfere as the source of this outrage, and he believed that this was a plan to get him out of the way, having not the least doubt that his life would be taken if necessary to the accomplishment of any plans of the count. One thing our hero saw plainly, and that was, that resistance would be out of the question, for in the twilight he could see that his assailants were hardy-looking fellows, and he had reason to believe that they were as reckless as they were stout. So he walked along quietly, but with enough of mutterings and twistings to remove the chance for them to suspect that he was meditating any deep scheme.

Henry was led to the southward towards the de Vaux road, and ere long he stood within that road at the foot of the hill by the mill, and not half a dozen rods from the very spot where the encounter had taken place between himself and Montfere. A little further on to the westward, towards the main road, stood a heavy wagon, the horse of which was hitched to a tree. Towards this point the youth was carried, and after the wagon had been backed into the road he was lifted into it. Then all three of the men got in, two of them guarding him, while the third drove the horse.

When they reached the main road the horse was turned towards St. Malo, and put into a smart trot. By the time they had arrived opposite the chateau de Montigny it was fairly dark, and Henry could see the lights in the room of the marquis. He looked at the window of a small room in which Isidore sometimes sat, but there was no light there. She was in her own apartment upon the garden side, and he was glad of it. And yet what would he not have given to see her then and tell her wherefore he should be missing.

But the chateau was soon passed, and our hero turned his attention to the things about him.

"I fancy you don't like this much," said the fellow who sat upon his right hand, speaking seemingly from a desire to say something to relieve the monotony of the journey.

"You can imagine yourself in my place, and then fancy what you please," replied the youth.

"Well, I don't think I should like it; but then you shouldn't have deserted."

"Let that pass, for you know 'tis false," uttered Henry.

"Why, how can it be? You know we are taking you for a deserter, don't you?"

"No."

"Eh? No? Then what are we taking you for? Answer me that?"

The youth was upon the point of telling him that he believed Arnaud Montfere was at the bottom of the outrage, but his calmer judgment prevailed. The fellow had asked his question very pointedly, and there was that in his tone which betrayed anxiety. Henry thought that if he should betray his mistrust of Montfere his fate might be worse, especially if his suspicions were correct, and that they were he had no doubt.

"What do you think we're taking you for, eh?" the fellow asked again, with much eagerness.

"Why, you may think I am a deserter, and that you will get a reward for returning me," replied the youth, with apparent simplicity.

"Ah, yes, O," grunted the ruffian, showing plainly enough that he was disappointed in this answer. "You begin to have your senses."

Our hero could see that his companions regarded each other with peculiar looks as he gave his answer, for there was light enough to see the countenance of those so near him—and he was glad that he had not committed himself.

Just to the southward of the causeway which unites St. Malo to the main land, the horse was turned into the road which leads to the eastward of the city, and as they were now approaching a point where they were liable to meet with travellers the man who seemed to be the leader in the affair turned to the prisoner and said:

"Now look ye, *mon ami*, will you keep your tongue to yourself, or must we clap a stopper on it?"

The youth knew enough to be aware that at present he was entirely at the mercy of his captors, and he was not foolish enough to subject himself to more rough treatment than was necessary. And more, he knew that should he even succeed in arresting the attention of the passer-by, it would avail him nothing, for his captors would swear that he was a deserter whom they were returning, and that would end it; so he gave his word that he would keep quiet.

"Then see that you do," returned the leader, in a very significant tone. "Then see that you do, for if you open your jaw, you'll suffer. Mind that."

Now all this strengthened Henry in his suspicions. In fact, it made the truth as plain as daylight to his mind that the ruffians had not the least idea that he was a deserter, for if such had been the case, they would not have cared how much he hailed the passers, for they would have nothing to fear, but rather would have expected the support of all well-disposed citizens.

But the prisoner made no disturbance, and consequently he was allowed to remain at his ease, save that the lashing upon his arms was not very comfortable. But he made no complaint of this.

At length the wagon was stopped near some old buildings which Henry knew to be fishhouses, and here he was taken out. The horse was hitched to a post, and the prisoner was led down towards the sea, which was not many rods distant, by two of the men, the third remaining to get something out of the wagon. But the other man soon came up, and he carried in his hand a long pole, upon the end of which our hero could detect a kind of swab-looking bunch. As soon as they reached the shore, which was rough and rocky in the extreme, he who had the pole proceeded to strike a light upon some tinder which he had placed within the pan of a pistol for that purpose. A match was soon lighted, and in a moment more the swab upon the end of the pole was all in flames, it proving to be a bunch of oakum soaked with pitch and spirits of turpentine. This blazing signal was swung aloft in the air for some moments, and at length our hero saw a like signal suddenly make its appearance far out upon the dark waters of the channel, and then he knew that he was to be carried on shipboard, at all events. But how, and where? The bold, open sea, with its fresh air and its peculiar aroma, had once been to him a source of delight, but he felt it not so now. That gleaming, flashing light in the dark distance seemed like a spectre to which he must bow—an ignis fatuus which he must follow. The grim spirit of death seemed to brood over the waters now, and his heart was sunken and chilled.

The light on shore had gone out, and the corresponding signal at sea soon followed it out of existence. Not a word was spoken by the three ruffians, and Henry felt not like asking questions, for he well knew that he should get no answers that would amount to anything. Some fifteen minutes passed, and at the end of that time the youth heard the dip of oars in the distance. The sound came nearer and nearer, until at length the outlines of a boat could be seen close by the shore, and soon afterwards it landed close by where our party stood. There were five men in it—four at the oars, and one at the helm.

"Buffet, is that you?" asked the man who sat at the helm of the boat.

"Yes."

"Have you got the bird?"

"All safe."

Upon that the men in the boat came on shore, and Henry Fretart was passed over to them.

"This is the chap," said the leader of the shore party, "and you must be responsible for him now. We've done our part of the work."

"And never fear that we shall fail to do ours," returned he of the boat.

Thereupon three of the boatmen took the prisoner and lifted him into the boat, while the other two stepped apart and whispered awhile with the other party. At length the three fellows who had brought the youth thus far returned towards their wagon, and the oars of the boat were once more manned. Henry was placed in the sternsheets, by the side of the helmsman, and then the boat was shoved off.

"My friend, or whatever you may be," said our hero, addressing the man who sat by his side, "will you tell what this all means?"

"Didn't those men tell you?" returned the helmsman, inquisitively.

"They told me I was arrested as a deserter—as a deserter from an English ship. Now I should like to know if you will stick to that?"

"Why, I suppose they knew what you were taken for."

"But—"

"Never mind asking any more questions now, it wont amount to anything, for I shan't answer questions at present."

This was spoken in a tone which carried conviction with it, and Henry remained silent.

At the end of about fifteen minutes our hero saw the tall spars of a brig looming up against the starry sky ahead of him, and ere long afterwards the boat was alongside. The man at the helm went up over the side, and in a few moments he returned.

"Look here," he said, addressing the prisoner in a stern, threatening tone, "you are safe here in our custody, and I'm going to cast off the lashing from your arms so that you can work your own way aboard. Now mind—if you make the least resistance, or show the least signs of attempting to escape, we'll kill you just as quick as we would a cockroach. Do you understand?"

"Certainly. You speak plainly enough," replied Henry.

"And will you mind?"

"I must mind."

"You'll be wise if you do. So come along."

The lashing was taken from Henry's arms, and then he took hold of the man-ropes and went up over the brig's side. It was too dark for him to see much of the arrangement of things upon the deck, but he could see that there were quite a number of men collected about the gangway, and by the light of a lantern which was hung near the wheel he could see that the gasket of the mainsail was off, and that the sail hung loose in the buntlines.

"This is the individual, captain," said the fellow who had conducted Henry on board, addressing a man who stood by the mainmast.

"All right. Take him below, and show him his berth."

Accordingly the youth was led below to the cabin, and from here he was conducted into a small state-room which was roughly furnished, and which had the appearance of having been intended for a kind of lock-up in cases of need. There were two bunks in it, and our hero was informed that he could take which he chose. Then his conductor departed—the door was locked, and he was left alone. It was not utterly dark in the little prison-room, for there was a small grated aperture over the door, and through this came some gleams of light from the cabin.

Ere long Henry heard the rattle of blocks, and the grating of ropes, and he knew that the brig was being gotten underweigh. He heard the creaking of the windlass, and the clink of the chain—and soon he knew that the anchor had broken ground, and that the craft was in motion. He crept into the lower berth, and then he began to ponder upon his situation. It was truly a startling one, but his mind was more occupied with the future than with the past, for he had an instinctive fear that this was only to end in death. He *knew*—ay, he was morally certain—that the Count Montfere was at the bottom of the business, and that said count desired his death. This was all plain to him. Is it a wonder that this should lead him to the fear that he had entertained?

The brig was now in motion, and as she heeled over to the breeze our hero knew that she was under good headway. But he had yet one gleam of hope; his pistols had not yet been discovered. They were true ones, and he knew that they were faithfully loaded. He clung to them now as his only hope of life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE STOLEN UMBRELLA.

BY PHILIP SMALL.

The subject of the present remarks is an umbrella, or, if you will, The Umbrella. From time immemorial, this valuable article appears to have been detached from the respect of society, and its services in the day of want singularly forgotten. I say it seems to be separated in importance from kindred articles of man's economy, but made to serve in the capacity of a butt and a jeer. Reputable citizens capture a strange umbrella and appropriate it to their own use and behoof, with little and too often no hesitation. If detected, they perhaps unblushingly apologize, and commend it as a joke; had it been a loaf of bread, or a hod of coal, they might have been sent to the house of correction; lesser crimes have led to the gallows.

But there is a distinction; a single umbrella is a joke; a case of them is merchandize—to purloin the former is no violation of propriety, but to appropriate the latter is larceny. I do not know if a charge of stealing an umbrella, simply an umbrella, would lie in court, or if the law would gravely recognize the propriety of the action.

Man is said to be ungrateful in proportion to the benefits he receives. Friends, from whom we desire the greatest favors, are often recipients of our shabbiest treatment. So it is with umbrellas. While they serve no other purpose but perhaps questionable ornament, standing idle all the day, lazily leaning in a corner, or gaping idly from a hat-stand, like a child in an old-fashioned standing stool, flirting with a spindle-shanked cane (too often crooked sticks in respect to character), we treat them with marked attention; we enclose them daintily with dandy coverings, envelop them in patent leather night-gowns, and show a decent regard for their health and safety; but when the rain descends, and the floods come, and the umbrella rushes from its lurking-place by the fireside and the hall, and shelters him who bides the peltings of the pitiless storm, what treatment do we render it, what suitable return do we make? We stand our friend in a cold sink, perhaps in a spittoon, or three to one, we leave him standing outside the door, perchance to freeze, and then when we require his services again, like venison, we thaw it out, and again expose it to the inclement season.

These remarks are suggested by, though they have no particular connection with, a slight incident that occurred some years since, and as it seems to carry with it a moral, I do not hesitate to relate it.

I remember, many years since, I had been dining, on some public occasion. The dinner was laid under a tent; the dinner over, I arose to depart. The clouds had looked threateningly through the day, and the rain now began to descend. What could I do? There were no conveyances in the vicinity. I was without a top coat or other extra protection. My eye fell upon an umbrella—a cheap, cotton one, at the best. Partaking the common prejudices touching the article, I did not consider that it was a lax morality that tempted me to win and wear it; mutton had filled up all access and passage to remorse, and generous wine drowned, for the time being, the functions of conscience—I burglariously seized upon it and bore it away.

Slight causes produce great results; apples and broken spectacles have performed their mission, and are recognized as the principal causes of the leading modern discoveries. A simple toothache will keep a sleepy man awake all night, and make a wise man profane; a drop of lemon juice, mixed with the secretions of the eye, will give locomotion to a lame man, and start a cripple more speedily than will Blair's pills. So did that wretched umbrella affect me in after times, as robbing a bank probably would at the present. It was my first attempt at light-fingering; I trust it is my last.

Umbrellas I had had before, umbrellas I have had since, and I never experienced any difficulty in losing them; but here was one that hung upon me like an incubus. As the albatross haunted the ancient mariner, so that cheap cotton umbrella embittered my existence; and yet it seemed my destiny, and I felt forced to use it. I might, perhaps, have destroyed it; I might, perhaps, have thrown it away; but unless I could make way with it legitimately, have it, as I may say, honestly stolen from me, I did not feel justified in attempting its destruction. Many a weary mile did it travel with me, unconscious of the disquiet and loathing with which I looked upon my companionship, while I regarded it as Bill Sikes did his dog, and devised for it some swift and speedy means of annihilation.

Coming one day through Troy, my heart beat high with hope. It was a rainy day. I waited over one train, and was to start immediately after dinner. The umbrella, partner of my toil, my feelings, and my fame, was with me. Dinner over, my carpet-bag in hand, I quietly slipped from the side door, and in a few minutes was in the cars. Would the train never start? It seemed as if Time had got an extension—each moment I expected a policeman or a hotel-boy to tap upon the window, with, "Beg your pardon—here's your umbrella; you left it at the —— House." The train started at last; I breathed again, and grew jocund at my happy deliverance.

The next day I dated my letters from New York. The air was balmy and clear. All nature seemed to smile upon Broadway, and women and men in gay attire seemed to join the general chorus. Greatly invigorated with my promenade, I repaired to my hotel for dinner.

"Clumsy fellow," I ejaculated, as an expressman, in hot haste, rushed by me. "Singular; why how much that looks like my old umbrella; but no, it cannot be; the idea is too monstrous. "Mr. Smallbones," called Mr. Stetson, "it is not always that a man recovers property lost when travelling, especially an umbrella; ha! ha! Mander sends this from Troy—you left it there yesterday—by express, four shillings, paid. Put it in the bill? Thank you. By the way, John, put a tag on that umbrella, with Mr. Smallbones's name upon it."

Not much dinner for me that day; my sin had returned to me, and in a damaged state at that; nozzle broken, the string that bound its virgin zone gone, and pervading it, a general air of abandon. Man delighted me not that day; nor woman neither; nor the band in Barnum's Museum, as I endeavored to surrender myself to its stirring melodies. And so I went to-bed, "to sleep, perchance."

"Robbery in the house, did you say?"

"Yes, sir—last night; baggage room, wash room; the two big chairs, and lots 'er umbrellas."

A light flashed upon me. "You don't mean to say, Thomas, that my umbrella is stolen?"

"Very sorry, sir, but if it was down stairs, there's no hope for it. It's a goner, is it?"

"Well, Thomas," said I, with forced calmness, "we can't help it; hand me my trowsers, and bring me some hot water."

"Valuable umbrella, sir?"

"Sir?"

"I asked if that was a valuable umbrella of yours that was stolen last night?"

I gulped at my coffee. "Ah, yes, valuable; valuable from association; some time in the family. I came near losing it yesterday, but was fortunate enough to have it returned to me."

"O, well, I hope you may recover it again."

"Thank you," (sotto voice), "if I stay here any longer, I hope I may have to recover it; thank you for the hint. I think I'll start."

Bill settled, adieux said, gloves on, the last fee paid to the last importunate porter, and ho! for Boston. "I can well imagine," soliloquized I, as I stepped independently along with my carpet-bag in hand, "I can well imagine the feelings that animate the breast of a true American, in returning to his native shores from a distant tour; the sentiment of pride, of conscious superiority, and more than all, a self-satisfaction, that though our country and our countrymen are a nation of braggarts and boasters, they have something tangible to point at, and something heavy to brag on. And Boston, too; in a few hours the well-defined State House, Park Street Church, Common, perhaps Fountain, will stand before me. Ha! the bell, and last bell, too—I must hurry."

"Beg your pardon—Mr. Smallbones?"

"Smallbones is my name; but I am in haste, the cars are about starting."

"Sorry, sir, but you had an umbrella stolen last night." I turned pale. "The thief is arrested; your umbrella, sir, is found. It had a tag on it with your name, which the scoundrel overlooked. You can have it by proving property, and—"

"Paying charges. Yes. I—but I don't want it—I am in great haste. So I must put up with the loss of my umbrella."

"I beg your pardon, sir, the law is imperative; I am a police officer. You must go down and identify your property."

"Hallo, there! clear the track!" A shriek, a puff and a bell, and off went the morning train. "Take me to the police office, tombs, anywhere. I am helpless. Confound the umbrella!"

I did identify the property, and had the satisfaction to find that my testimony would send my benefactor to the penitentiary. He looked as if I had wronged him, and I felt as I took my accursed bottle-imp property under my arm, self-condemned and mortified.

"Shall I go home?—carry to Boston again my shame, my nightmare, my umbrella? No—to Philadelphia. If I escape accident on the way, which would be unnatural, I may in the change of cars, in the bustle at the depot, manage to terminate "the bond that keeps me pale."

It was after dinner; the air was moist, suggestive of umbrellas; a stack of them were placed, "cheek by jowl," in the corner, mine among them. Perhaps some arm more tricky than the rest, some eye short-sighted, some one in a hurry, may seize upon that umbrella, and bear it from my sight. I turned to renew my cigar, and again seated myself. "Gone! no, it cannot be, and yet—" with a trembling hand I examined the pile. I was right; it had gone. Again, I felt a freeman, and again resolved for home.

"But that is not my umbrella," exclaimed a crisp, crabbed voice; "miserable cotton, one-and-sixpenny concern."

"But it's the only one left," whined the waiter. "You can take it or leave it; of course you know best."

Hope began to revive—he may take it.

"No, waiter," was the reply, "I wouldn't give the scurvy thing house room; the thief, who owns it, probably stole my green silk one."

Here I was again, all ashore. I began to despair; various were the devices I undertook to rid myself from the bondage of that umbrella. One time I set it where a suspicious-looking citizen, whom I suspected to be of easy virtue, was passing. No one was near. The object, though contemptible, was too much for his professional pride; he took it. My conscience reproved me; I was the means of that man's sinning; 'twas I who put temptation in his way. "My friend," said I, innocently, "I beg your pardon, that's my umbrella; you probably took it by mistake."

"Ha! really—excuse me," returned he, hastily, as if awaking from abstraction. "Bless me, how very awkward; pray, excuse me."

Again I tendered it during a propitious rain to certain lady pedestrians, who were umbrellaless, but excess of politeness, or too deep appreciation of the elegance and tastes in umbrellas, would not allow them to avail themselves of my kindness. I came near offering it to the attention of a colored lady, but on reflection was induced to forbear.

No chance for operating in Philadelphia. "I'll go home, to the home of my childhood, and carry my umbrella with me; hang it in some conspicuous place, and have this, my sin, continually before me that it may serve as a record of the past, and a warning for the future. Yes, it shall be so."

In the cars once more, with umbrella accompaniment as usual, strong in my determination to make it a moral teacher, I grew to like it and to look upon it with more chastened feelings than before, and then unconsciously ran over in my mind the singularity of the causes that often led a man to forsake his evil ways; how slight in themselves, and how curious the train of thought and action to which they give rise. Heavens! what a shriek, or scream, or blended shriek and scream. One might suppose a locomotive, endued with sense, and tortured with rheumatism, or a corn of sensibility, proportioned to its size, and brought into contact with a foreign substance, to make so wild an outcry. Again; and the bell? "Say, conductor, what's the matter?"

"Don't know, sir, but am afraid the downward train."

Bang! crash! crash!—is there an earthquake? a thunder storm? Am I drunk? Why do the people rush pell-mell at this end of the car, stove, coal hod and all? And I—I seemed to have lost my gravity and gravitation, for I vaulted over three seats, and made a general dive into a collection of carpet-bags. Day changed to night, apparently half a dozen solar systems rose in my view, groans and cries grew fainter and fainter; a sense of languor and ease came over me, and all was dark again.

"Poor devil! is his neck broke? Is he dead? No! he moves!—take a sip of this. Yes, sir; brandy and water. Ah, that'll do you good. Umbrella? No, sir; no umbrella; don't see any."

"What's that? Umbrella?" exclaims a little man, in great excitement. "Are you the owner of this? Bless you, sir, I hope you are not hurt—not much? Well, I am glad to hear it. Here are the remains of your umbrella." And he held up the fragment of my late friend, and what was to have been my future monitor. It had evidently come into opposition with a heavy body, that was too much for it. Nautically speaking, it had been "run into," "come in collision, ripped up her sheathing, broken her knees, and started every butt in her." "Sir, it has saved my daughter's life. We came in contact with the downward train, and we have been thrown off the bank; but, thank Heaven, there are no lives lost. My daughter broke her arm and your umbrella at the same time. Ha! you feel better; now that's clever. Come with me; I live but a short distance from here, and I shall be happy to welcome you to my home and its hospitality."

And I went with the good man, and the good man's pretty daughter, and the broken umbrella, and my broken head and carpet-bag; and they tended me, and harbored me, and the daughter smiled, and the old man was friendly, and the fragments of the umbrella were preserved; and often, as we sit by the fire, we rehearse to the children the story of "The Stolen Umbrella."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LINES TO MARY.

BY HALCRO.

Ah, turn away those gentle eyes,
Which look no love to mine;
Though love within their sweet depth lies,
'Tis not for me they shine.
Give not again that lily hand,
So cold when pressed by me;
So cold it makes the heart to stand,
Which only beats for thee

O, speak not in those dulcet tones,
Like music o'er the main;
At each, the weary spirit owns,
Its love that lives in vain.
Yet no, ah no, still let me not
From sight at least be driven;
And though by thee unseen, forgot,
Still let me dream of heaven.

The shell, when far from ocean borne,
Still mourns its native sea;
Presaged to the ear, 'tis heard to mourn
In saddest melody.
Thus, like the shell, my spirit sighs,
Condemned afar to rove;
And cast upon life's desert, dry,
Still mourns its sea of love.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LUCKY SHOT:

—OR,—

FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTIRE.

Some years ago, there lived in one of the southern American cities, a rich old planter who had no children, and whose wife had deceased some twelve years prior to the date of my story. He had a young nephew, however, upon whom he had bestowed his diminutive favors, from time to time, and whom he thought he would one day make his heir—perhaps, if he should chance to die, which he religiously hoped might never be the case, however!

He had always been avaricious and parsimonious—two most extraordinarily unusual facts in the composition of a southern planter—yet, nevertheless, existing prominently in the characteristics of Edward Roser. As he grew older, though he still grew richer, he became more and more miserly, and less desirous to quit this world and leave his gold behind him.

His nephew had been a patron of the turf and other sporting matters as long as he had had the opportunity to spend his uncle's money, and he frequently found himself at the faro-table, where he had been a winner. When old Ned Roser, as the miserly planter was familiarly called, heard of his nephew's occupation, however, he took offence at it, and refused to supply him longer with means.

"You must go to work, Fred," said the old man to him one day, crustily. "At your age I had earned nigh two thousand dollars, with my own hands. I'm getting poor. Cotton doesn't sell so well as formerly, and sugar is got to be a drug in the market. Nobody uses sugar, now, and my slaves, will starve if times don't get quickly better. Go to work, boy. Earn your money, and you wont go to billiard-saloons, horse-races, or cock-pits, and you'll forget the name of *rouge et noir*—do you hear?"

"But, uncle—"

"Yes, yes, I see. I know all about it. You've got into debt. I'm glad of it. Pay up, when you can get the money. But go to work. I'll give and lend you no more."

And his affectionate relative, on whom he had thus far been dependent for his resources, strode out of the house, attempting to whistle for the first time in his life!

Ten days after this agreeable interview, old Roser gave his nephew, Frederic Rawdon, a hint that his house could no longer afford him accommodations. And the young spendthrift was forced to anticipate being literally turned out of doors, by packing his trunk, and seeking lodgings elsewhere.

Tempting his fortune for a time afterwards, he was a constant attendant at an obscure gaming-house in the city where he had lived from his youth up, but he was of late a loser. At length he had run out all his means, and he was forced to be a looker-on, only, for a while.

Flushed with wine, one evening, he offered a remark at which another youthful associate took offence, and they quarrelled. This young man had got still lower in the scale than himself, and his losses and mortifications had deeply affected him. The lodgings of Fred. Rawdon were on the ground floor of a house not far distant from the gaming-den, and when Fred. went out on the night of the altercation, he passed directly to his room to retire, as he felt himself nervous and unwell. A few minutes afterwards he was startled by the sudden report of a pistol near his door, and he sprang up to find a man that staggered wildly towards him—in, at his open door—and who fell, at his feet, with a small pistol in his hand, while the blood was streaming fearfully from his mouth and nostrils!

He raised him up, and saw that it was the youth with whom he had lately quarrelled, and who he knew had been a desperate loser at *roulette*, during the last week or two. In a fit of frenzy at his continued ill luck, he had committed suicide; and before Fred. Rawdon could make up his mind what to do, his late antagonist was stone dead. The pistol ball had pierced his brain!

It was not an uncommon thing to hear the report of fire-arms in that neighborhood, and as no one was seen after the noise, it was supposed by those who chanced to hear the explosion, to be anything save what it was in reality. And so no one meddled with the affair outside of Fred's lodgings.

But he was in a dilemma. The young man was dead, in his room—they had publicly quarrelled—the report of the pistol must have been overheard, and Fred. Rawdon was alarmed for the consequences of all this chain of unlucky circumstances, when they should come to be linked connectedly together.

What must he do? If he should fly, he would be pursued and taken, and a trial before any jury in the country would surely condemn him, with such evidence against him. If he remained there, and were found with the mutilated dead body of his late antagonist, his doom was certain. If he applied to his uncle for aid and counsel, he felt certain that old Roser would most likely assure him that if he had been honestly employed at work, as he had advised him, he would not have quarrelled with the young man, and probably shot him, afterwards! If he ran out into the street, and proclaimed the facts, just as they had happened, the mob would laugh at him, or "lynch" him on the spot—for half an hour had already elapsed since the report of the pistol had been heard, and he would first be asked what he had been doing all that time, alone in his own room, with the body of the evidently murdered man!

Nevertheless, Fred. Rawdon was as innocent of that man's blood, of course, as old Roser himself; but this truth could not help him—and he began to cast about him for a release from his perilous predicament. He could wait till midnight, and then drag the body out and leave it in the street. If he were not discovered in the act, this might do—provided he could get rid of the blood-stains that unfortunately marked his door, his floor, and his bed-clothes, where the wounded man had first staggered about before he fell in his apartment.

He reflected a few minutes longer, and then turned the key in his outer door, and resolved to seize whatever he could find readily, and fly from the town forever. He was not long in carrying the preliminaries of this plan into execution.

Upon examining the pockets of the deceased young gambler, Fred. found that he had evidently been sailing under false colors, for he had been known as one Deschampe, a creole from Louisiana—while from letters and marks in his memoranda-book, it was evident that his real name was Le Grand; and he was a Frenchman, probably from Paris or France, direct, though he had spoken English respectably. His purse contained near a hundred sovereigns, his pocket-book as much more in value of bank notes, his gold watch was a fine one, and he wore a rich cluster of diamonds set in antique style—all of which young Rawdon secured, on the principle that he would be suspected and run down, if possible, at best, and be might as well be "killed for a sheep as a lamb."

Within an hour from the time of his decision, Fred. Rawdon was out of the reach of pursuit—having left the body where it fell, and fled with all possible despatch to the sea coast, determined upon quitting America at the very earliest opportunity. On the following evening the papers contained an account of the sad affair in this wise:

"A shocking scene occurred at the lodging-house of Mr. Frederic Rawdon, this morning. The young man was nephew to our respected fellow-citizen, Edward Roser, Esq., and was well on yesterday evening. He had unfortunately become addicted to gaming, latterly, and having been more unlucky than usual, it is supposed that in a fit of despair at his losses, he committed suicide last evening, by shooting himself through the head with a pocket-pistol.

"The body was found at eleven o'clock today, and it is in the recollection of the neighbors that the report of a shot was heard last evening there, when it is now supposed that the tragedy took effect; though no notice was taken of the circumstance at the moment. The body of Mr. Rawdon was not marked, but his face was so swollen and disfigured by the wound and the powder, that it was impossible almost to recognize him, except from his dress, and the fact that he was near his own bed, locked up in his own room where the fatal deed must have been committed.

"His uncle, Mr. Roser, is in deep distress at this untimely event; he has no children of his own, and had already determined to make young Rawdon his heir. No letters have as yet been found on the promises, explaining the cause of this act, but there can be little doubt that the general belief is correct, that Rawdon died, by his own hands, in a fit of desperation, occasioned by his late poor luck at the gaming-table. He was a liberal and good-hearted fellow, and will be missed, notwithstanding the fact that he had faults—as who of us has not? The remains of the unfortunate young man are now in possession of the coroner, and after the inquest, the body will be handed over to Mr. Roser for interment."

Such was the newspaper account of young Rawdon's death. And in the mean time Fred. was urging his way to the Atlantic coast, not in the very best of spirits, to be sure, under these circumstances—but worth a score of dead men, at least!

The suicide was attired in a plain suit of clothes not unlike that worn usually by Rawdon and other young men of his age and class. When Fred. left his room, he did not unlock his door, but made his exit by the window. The dead man was found, therefore, under circumstances that pointed directly to the known occupant of the room, and his features were so mutilated by the wound that destroyed him, that no other individual was thought of by those who found him. And, as the Frenchman was but little known in the city, his disappearance was not alluded to at all. Thus matters stood—the dead man was duly buried at old Roser's expense, and Fred. Rawdon soon after sailed for England.

Two months from the night of the tragedy we have described, a young man sat in a lunch room in the city of London, discussing the merits of a chop and a cup of claret. He was well dressed, and nothing extraordinary about his manners or appearance could have elicited attention. He was a stranger in the great British metropolis, and said very little to anybody. As he was finishing his meal, however, a rather dashing looking Londoner approached the table where he sat, and bade him good evening.

The young man alluded to, was our friend Rawdon, who had just arrived in the city, and the other was a noted "gentleman of the town," a good observer of men and things, generally, in the London world. He was fashionably attired, had a dashing and agreeable air of his own, and saw at a glance that Fred. Rawdon was evidently a new comer. Fred. was pleased with the gentleman's politeness, for he was alone, in a strange land—and the result of their first interview was just what Mr. Tracey—as he called himself—anticipated. The bill was paid by Fred. after they had enjoyed a bottle of wine—and they left the restaurant in company.

"Which way?" asked Rawdon, as they emerged from the door of the lunch-room.

"To Stanton's," said Mr. Tracey, "if you like."

"Stanton? Who is he?" inquired Rawdon.

"The best billiard-room in all Lun'un, sir," replied Tracey, coolly. "You play a good game. Come, you can have some fine sport, there."

Rawdon was astonished! How Mr. Tracey could possibly be aware of his weakness—three thousand miles, as he was, from home—was entirely beyond his comprehension.

"Or, if you prefer it," continued Tracey, without observing Rawdon's embarrassment at all, "we'll try the bank at Flores's saloon."

"No, not now. Excuse me, Mr. Tracey, but you have made a mistake."

"Not at all, my young friend. This card you have given me here, bears the name of some friend of yours, I presume—John Edwards. I've no doubt he's a very nice fellow. Where is yours?"

Rawdon was astounded! Could it be possible that he was known in London? He thought a moment, hesitated, looked in Mr. Tracey's face, and said:

"What—what do you mean?"

"I mean, then, Mr. Rawdon,"—responded his new-made acquaintance, "that it's hardly worth your while to begin in this way with me. If you prefer to be known here as John Edwards, I have no objection to your choice—but I know you, Fred. Rawdon, that's all!"

"And what do you know of me?" asked Fred., a good deal disturbed, by this bluff disclosure.

"Nothing—nothing, whatever—if you so desire it. But I have heard that you play well at billiards and roulette, that you know a horse from a handsaw, that you have lived pretty fast thus far, that you have left your man behind you, and that you are heir to old Roser's fat estate in Alabama! Do we now understand each other?"

Rawdon could not reply for a moment—but he soon recovered from his surprise, and asked:

"Who then are you?"

"I'm a gentleman, Mr. Raw—Edwards, I mean. A gentleman of leisure and observation. I have met you before, that's all. I have travelled some in my day—and I saw you in America several times just before you left so suddenly, for a change of climate and scene," he added, significantly. "Come, no more, now. I know you here, as 'Edwards.' You know me as 'Tracey.' Let's try Stanton, and a game of billiards. You'll soon get acquainted with us, here."

And the two men moved on towards the splendidly appointed establishment of Harry Stanton, where they soon arrived, and where, in the midst of his favorite game, which he played admirably—Fred. Rawdon, alias Edwards, soon forgot all else but his recreation.

On the following day after dinner, Mr. Tracey found it convenient to fall in with Fred. Rawdon, accidentally of course, and as soon as he found it convenient, he drew from his pocket an American newspaper, and pointing to the paragraph containing the account of Rawdon's suicide and burial by his uncle (which, up to that moment, Fred. had never before suspected), the London gentleman enjoyed the surprise of his young companion immensely. When Fred. had twice read the account through, Mr. Tracey remarked, in his usual happy manner:

"It was capitally done, eh? Raw—Edwards, I mean? They've suicided you, mangled you, buried you, and I suppose have, ere this, administered upon your estate over the water. While the best part of the joke is, that you're now alive and well, and, as I see, the probable heir to old Roser's property; that is, if you can convince him that you are not actually defunct."

"Tell me, Tracey," said Fred., seriously, "how you came to be acquainted with my affairs so accurately, and how it was that we first met, as we did, in London—wont you?"

"By all means, my boy, nothing easier. As I have told you, I saw you in America three or four times while I was there; but you never noticed me among the scores of strangers that visited Parks's room. I was on my way home when the accident occurred which has so involved you, and I learned the story about you from your intimates in S——. I left America about the same time that you did, and arrived in London three days before you. We met by mere chance—a curious one, to be sure—and you know the rest. You were lucky last night at cards, Fred!"

"Yes, never more so, at one sitting, in my life."

"How much?"

"Near two hundred pounds better off than when I entered Stanton's."

"Good! Will you go to Flores's this evening, with me?"

"Yes."

"At ten?" said Tracey.

"At ten o'clock, meet me here?"

The two men parted. Tracey resolved upon picking Fred.'s pocket that evening, and our young friend determined never to see the flashy gamester again, if he could avoid it—though he gave Tracey no hint of this, of course.

Promptly at the appointed hour, and in the fullest expectation that he had now a very fair "pigeon to pluck," the accomplished Mr. Tracey—who was in reality a notorious London sharper—made his appearance at the place where he had agreed to meet Mr. Rawdon, alias Edwards; but his intended victim was not there. He waited half an hour—an hour—but no Rawdon made his appearance!

While the artful Mr. Tracey was just concluding that, perhaps, his young acquaintance might be much more clever than he had supposed, and had concluded to absent himself for his own reasons, altogether, a boy brought in a note, with his own name upon the envelope, which he opened and read as follows:

"Mr. Tracey:—I shall be unable to go this evening. Call to-morrow night at the same hour, if I don't chance to see you previously. I am unexpectedly detained away on other business. In haste, J. Edwards."

The object of this brief missive on Rawdon's part, was to gain time. He hurried north, meanwhile, and took passage from Liverpool the next day for the United States. From that hour Mr. Tracey and Fred. Rawdon never met again!

Before he left England, Rawdon examined the pocket-book he had found upon the body of the suicide that had been the cause of his present dilemma, and he ascertained satisfactorily, that he came from Paris. He immediately wrote a letter to his probable address, to the "care of any relative of the deceased," and posted the epistle just before he sailed—giving directions therein and, forming any one who would communicate with John Edwards, at Mobile, U. S. A., that they might hear of the effects of the unfortunate man. Then, carefully sealing up the suicide's money, watch and valuables, he packed them away for future reference should they be called for, and departed for America.

The sudden, and to him altogether unexpected turn that his affair had taken, caused Rawdon, immediately upon his learning what had occurred—through the newspaper account he had seen—to adopt an entire new course for his future. He resolved to return to his home, visit his uncle, explain everything to him just as it had happened, and face the consequences, whatever they might be. He knew that he was innocent of having had any part in the Frenchman's death, but he desired to undeceive his friends, after learning of the singular error into which they had fallen—and he had fully determined, too, to change his dissolute course of life, thenceforward, for the better. With all these good resolutions at heart, he departed from Liverpool, and arrived at Charleston, S. C. in safety, after a six months voyage.

It was a dull, still night when Fred. Rawdon finally reached the dwelling of his tight-fisted Uncle Roser, from whom he had been absent over three months. Old Roser had relented since Fred.'s supposed death, and had been subject to unhappy reflections, notwithstanding his acquired avaricious sentiments. He had had leisure to think over the past, and he knew that his nephew, though wayward and somewhat dissipated, was a good boy at heart; and he fancied that the youth had loved his uncle. He now believed that he had been too harsh and peremptory with his nephew, and said to himself, "if I had not driven him upon his own feeble resources, I might have had a grateful heir, perhaps, that would have respected my memory. As it is, I am alone! Fred. is gone to the Shades, and I am sorry for it. If he were alive, I would now act differently. It is too late!" And at this moment, though it was quite late in the evening, and such a call was extremely unusual at his dwelling, old Roser distinctly heard a sharp rapping at his outside door!

Who could it be? He was not expecting visitors at this unseasonable hour; he was entirely alone in the house at the moment—he could think of nobody that would call upon him, then—when the knock was repeated, louder and sharper than before. Old Roser went to the door not a little alarmed, after a moment's reflection, and demanded "who's there?"

"It is me, me," said a voice, very modestly, outside.

"And who is me, then?"

"Frederic, Frederic Rawdon, uncle—your nephew."

The old man trembled fearfully from head to foot, and yet he thought he knew the voice. He hesitated, but Fred. begged him in his own familiar tone to open the door, and he would quickly explain himself. And a moment afterwards the uncle and nephew entered the well known parlor of Roser's residence, together; although the old man had not scarcely made up his mind whether, as he led the way with the flickering lamp, he was conducting a bona fide ghost into his premises, or not!

"For God's sake, Frederic, tell me, are you dead, or alive!" exclaimed Mr. Roser, fitfully, as he sat down the lamp, and quickly lighted another, in order that he might have a fair sight at his most unexpected guest. "Say, what is it? What does it mean? Arn't you dead and buried? You are! That's, you have been. I've got the bills for your funeral expenses here—here, see, among my receipts," insisted old Roser, vehemently, as he took down a package of papers. "I paid 'em for burying you, certainly."

"I know it all, uncle, all. I saw the account in the papers. You were very kind. I know you always were; and I have been a hard youth, troublesome, expensive, wayward, wicked, and deserving of your desertion and censure. But, don't curse me. I'm alive and well, never have been dead, yet, I assure you, though perhaps it would have been better if I had; and I've come home to you, to explain my unfortunate predicament, to ask your forgiveness for past shortcomings, and to show you, if I am permitted, that I will yet become a man, and a credit to the family I have so long and foolishly dishonored."

"This don't sound much like Fred. Rawdon, to my ears," said Mr. Roser, "but I've no doubt you have had some experience, latterly, that I know nothing about, Fred. Where have you been since we buried you? that is, since we buried somebody, who everybody supposed was yourself? Come, let us know what this all means!"

Rawdon instantly commenced at the beginning, and traced every circumstance, from the moment that he heard the pistol shot and beheld the form of a man stagger into his room and fall dead at his feet, up to the hour when he had just reached his uncle's residence—holding back no part of the story, from first to last, but relating it with all his fright, suspicions, plans, hopes and results, in a candid and truthful tone—concluding by again begging his uncle's forgiveness, and claiming his present protection from legal trouble, which he feared might follow, when his curious and fearful adventure should be made public.

Ned Roser was so glad to feel certain that his nephew was really alive, and that he should now have a rightful family heir to his estate, when he left this world, that he acted very extravagantly for a miserly fellow as he was. The two relatives talked, and argued, and planned, till almost morning, and separated at last, the uncle welcoming the "prodigal son" to his roof again, in downright honest earnest, and Fred. promising as honestly and as earnestly, that he would reform if he now escaped the gallows!

The city of M—— awoke next morning to be astonished with the presence of a man "risen from the grave" almost. Old Roser consulted legal advice forthwith, and an examination was directly proposed to inquire into the mystery of the Frenchman's decease, and the attending circumstances whereby Rawdon could in any wise be implicated therewith—but the affair resulted in exonerating Fred. from any participation in it, and his return to his home was explained to every one's satisfaction. Roser took the youth again under his protection, and Fred. at once forsook his dissolute habits and the companions with whom he had formerly associated.

Mr. Tracey waited at the lunch-room in London for John Edwards a second time, as proposed; but he ascertained afterwards that his bird had flown in season to dodge him. Within two months from the date of his letter to the friends or kin of the unfortunate Le Grand, young Rawson had the satisfaction to receive a reply from the suicide's widowed mother, then living in Paris, with whom he immediately communicated again, and to whom he subsequently transmitted the poor fellow's money and effects which he had found on his person when he left him dead in his room.

The matter of Fred. Rawson's adventure, his sudden leave-taking, and his unexpected return to his native city, all formed the topics for curious speculation and gossip for months after he made his re appearance among his acquaintances. He was censured, applauded, queried, from time to time, but he bore all with patience and becoming grace, and finally the unpleasant matter was forgotten.

Old Mr. Roser found himself upon his death bed at last. He was seventy years old, and he saw that his days were numbered; yet he did not like to go, for he had always declared that, notwithstanding there was much of woe and pain, and toil and disappointment in this life, yet, on the whole, he was happy, and would prefer still to enjoy his means and his pleasures.

He died, however, and he made Fred. Rawdon his heir. The once wayward youth had got to be an upright, liberal, good citizen, and his uncle's immense property enabled him to do a vast deal—after the death of that relative—which old Roser never would assent to while living. He lived to bless Ned Roser's memory, and to realize afterwards the accuracy of his neighbors' remark, in reference to Le Grand's demise—that it was *a lucky shot* for Fred. Rawdon!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PAST—THE PRESENT—THE FUTURE.

BY J. S. PERLEIGH.

The Past regret not—nor deplore
Time's never-ceasing flight;
Though journeying in darkness on,
Or in one broad path of light.
Though bright the links of memory's chain,
Or stained and dark—regret is vain

The Present is our heritage;
The Past can ne'er be ours;
The Future is deceptive still,
Though wreathed with Hope's bright flowers.
The Present is a rich estate,
All may enjoy and cultivate.

The Future, veiled from human sight,
Yet bright or dark appears;
To our imaginations oft
Painted by hopes or fears.
The Past should teach us to employ
The Present well, for Future joy.

PRINTING PAPER.

We notice in a Philadelphia journal, that experiments in the manufacture of printing paper out of bass-wood have proved successful; and the Albany Evening Journal has published part of an edition on paper made of the same material. We have no doubt, that the soft and pulpy nature of bass-wood fits it as well for such a purpose as anything composed entirely of woody fibre; yet the supply of even that material is quite limited, and will hardly meet the increasing demand for paper. But there is another material, the supply of which is abundant, and regular from year to year, and which, it seems to us, is even better adapted to the manufacture than bass-wood. We allude to the inner or white husks of corn. To our knowledge, this article has not yet been tried in such a connection; but knowing as we do, something of what makes up the corn husk, and what paper ought to be, we are surprised that the matter has been so long overlooked.

As to the amount of this material which can be readily supplied, we can easily approximate to the truth. The ordinary crop of Indian corn in the United States is of late years about six hundred million bushels. Allowing forty bushels to the acre, it would give fifteen million of acres to the crop, which is probably less than the actual amount. Reckoning the stover at one ton per acre, and the white husk at one quarter of it, we have the enormous quantity of 3,750,000 tons of material scattered over the whole Union ready to go into the manufacture of paper, provided it will answer the purpose. Is not the matter worth a thorough examination and experiment?—*Fireside Journal.*

PRINCIPLES AND PASSIONS.

I don't mean to say that principle is not a finer thing than passion; but passions existed before principles; they came into the world with us; principles are super-induced. There are bad principles as well as bad passions; and more bad principles than bad passions. Good principles derive life, and strength, and warmth from high and good passions: bad principles do not give life, they only bind up life into a consistent whole. One great fault in education is, the pains taken to inculcate principles rather than to train feelings. It is as if we took it for granted that passions could only be bad, and are to be ignored or repressed altogether.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

✎* All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON, MASS., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"A Graphicsome Cargo, or, Ghosts at Sea," a story by AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

"Military School of St. Cyr," a sketch by ANNE T. WILBUR.

"The Heiress," a tale by Mrs. M. E. ROBINSON.

"Why she wore the Old Cloak," a story by Mrs. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"The Runaway Society," a tale by JAMES ANSON.

"The Bridge above the Rock," a poem by FRED. W. THAYER.

"Never Despair," verses by J. S. FERLON.

"The Life-Boat," stanzas by D. HARDY, JR.

"The Wanderer's Return," lines by PERRA S. LEWIS.

"One Year old to-day," verses by Mrs. R. T. ELDRIDGE.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"The Child's Thoughts," "Living and Dying," "Winter Evening," "Lines to ——," "The Adieu," "Last Words," "Little Willie," "Slowly Failing," "Loved Spots of Childhood," "Twelfth Hour of Night," "To Ellen Louise," and "The Forsaken."

FORTUNE-TELLING.

We perceive that Mayor Wood of New York is running a tilt against the fortune-tellers, determined, as it seems, to drive from the imperial city that useful race of beings, who, in the opinion of the credulous, inherit the lore of the ancient Chaldeans, and can foretell future events by chiromancy, the stars, cards, and coffee-grounds, and by the same simple methods, discover the locality of stolen goods, identify the thieves, and work other miracles of a like nature. There are, at least, a score of these impostors in Gotham, who live comfortably on the gullibility of people who persist in disbelieving that "Heaven from all mortals hides the book of fate." A publication of the names of those who consult these oracles would be a singular expose of the public folly; and it would, we fear, be found that many persons, moving in what is supposed to be cultivated society, were not above the weaknesses of the unlettered.

A belief in the art of divination is one of the oldest superstitions in the world, and it appears that its maturity is still disgraced by the puerile credulity of its infancy. The influence of the heavenly bodies on the earth led to the supposition, in ancient times, that they were only created for the use of this planet, and that the fate of individuals and nations somehow depended on these celestial bodies. The Chaldees, an Egyptian colony on the banks of the Euphrates, numbered among their ranks professors of this, and in later times, fortune-tellers were called Chaldees and astrologers, indiscriminately. The art, so called, is mentioned in the Mosaic history, and its antiquity may be inferred from the fact that "most astrological observations are founded on the position of the stars in reference to the horizon, which was the first circle recognized in the heavens."

The astrologers formed their horoscopes by dividing the heavens into twelve parts, called houses," to each of which was assigned a particular virtue or influence. The "ascendant," or that part of the heavens rising in the east at the moment of birth, was called, in their jargon, the "House of Life," the second division was the "House of Riches," and so on. The formula and nomenclature are still preserved by modern pretenders.

The professors of palmistry pretend to predict fortunes by the lines in the hand. Aristotle asserts that it is a sign of long life if one or two lines traverse the whole hand; and the chiromancers quote a passage from Exodus: "And it shall be for a sign unto thee upon thine hand," etc., to support their doctrine.

Among the most famous fortune-tellers of modern times was Mademoiselle La Normand, who flourished at Paris, and whose chief regret at dying was that she could not read the winding up of the "Mysteries of Paris." Under the Emperor Napoleon, she lived in great style, and her saloon was thronged with the first ladies of the French capital. Banished for meddling in political intrigues, she joined the legitimist party. She was patronized by the Empress Josephine, and wrote, among other works, a book, entitled, "Secret and Historical Memoirs of the Empress Josephine." She was a woman of great intelligence, and hence the success of many of her "guesses at truth." If Mayor Wood does not look out, he may find an evil prophetess in some Pythoness of the Bowery, who, like Mademoiselle Le Normand, will foretell the fall of her persecutor, and return in triumph with his enemies.

A GOOD MOVE.—An active and efficient committee is at work in Great Britain, investigating all matters connected with the health, comfort and liability to accident among the working people of the kingdom, with a view of improving their condition.

PARK BENJAMIN.—This gentleman has lately been lecturing in New England with his usual success. He always attracts large audiences, and never fails to interest and instruct them. He is one of our most brilliant lecturers.

COLD.—The coldest place in the States is said to be West Randolph, Vermont, where the thermometer falls to 45 degrees below zero. Capt. Parry's officers had to slice their brandy and water and toast it.

TO THE GIRLS.—Mrs. Swisshelm says:—The secret you dare not tell your mother is a dangerous secret; one that will be likely to bring you sorrow.

COAL ON RAILROADS.—The Boston and Lowell Railroad Company have run an engine successfully with hard coal. Anthracite forever!

JOHN BULL AND RUSSIA.

Dr. Johnson liked a good hater; and John Bull is certainly one of the best. Now that he is at war with his old friend Nicholas, he pitches into him without gloves, in a manner that would have delighted the ponderous lexicographer. To minister to this present hate, a lady, who has just returned to London, after a ten years' residence in the Czar's dominions, has published a work called the "Englishwoman in Russia," which is "selling like hot cakes." We rather think the lady is one of the expelled English governesses, and is not only gratifying her countrymen's animosity, but some grudges of her own. Her pencil is full charged with gall and lamplack, and she dashes at the Russians in a style that would do honor to Mrs. Farrington. A nice place Russia must be according to her account. Fraud, peculation and oppression is the rule with the public functionaries; the police are spies, robbers and assassins; immorality and levity characterize the higher classes; the lower classes are all slaves; ladies shave the heads of their female serfs, and sell the hair to pay their gambling debts; thousands of recruits are torn in agony from their native villages (Johnny never impressed seamen); and, to cap the climax, the Russians absolutely hate the English, and boast of their valor!

Naughty, naughty Russians! Why don't you follow the example of Johnny Bull? He "never hates nobody," *he* never lets his angry passions rise; he reads Dr. Watts, and prays for his enemies, and above all, he never boasts and brags. "The boastings of the Russians are intolerable," says the Englishwoman. "To hear them talk you would think that, like the Khan of Tartary, their Czar bids all the kings and potentates of the earth to eat their dinner; and I do believe if St. Petersburg were demolished by the allies, and Moscow in ruins, they would still declare that they were invincible. If their emperor is not exactly the brother of the sun and moon, he is Heaven's first lieutenant at the very least. Perhaps this fanfarronade is a remnant of their Asiatic habits, which may possibly shortly be cured by European remedies."

"One day," says she, "I called on a lady of rank, and I had scarcely entered the room ere she began to attack me in a rather violent manner concerning the present war. It was in vain that I assured her that I knew nothing at all about it, and that it was an affair of our government. "Ah," said she, "you pretend to be very cool and unconcerned now, but you will tell another tale when you see the Russian flag flying over the Tower of London!"

Thirty years ago, one of our ablest scholars, statesmen and diplomatists, regarded it as not improbable that before the lapse of half a century, the Russian eagle would float over the Tower of London. We sincerely hope not; but we must beg our transatlantic neighbor not to believe Old Nick quite so bad as he is painted, just because Sir Charles Napier did nothing in the Baltic, and Sebastopol proves impregnable.

GENIUS IN ADVANCED LIFE.

Francia was in his fortieth year when the sight of a picture, by Perugino, made him a painter; Cervantes was fifty when he wrote Don Quixote; Sterne was forty-six when Tristram Shandy made his reputation; Dryden was seventy when he composed his imitations of Chaucer; Michael Angelo was nearly as old when he finished his "Last Judgment;" Titian's portrait of Paul III. was produced at the age of seventy-two, and his "Martyrdom of St. Stephen" at eighty-one, while Rubens continued to improve after he had numbered sixty-four summers.

"HISTORY OF THE HEN FEVER."—Our correspondent, GEO. P. BURNHAM, Esq., so well known in this country among poultry fanciers and amateurs, has just put to press a humorous volume, entitled the "*History of the Hen Fever*" in the United States, which promises to have an extraordinary sale. It is written in the humorous vein peculiar to the "Young 'Un," and no man is better qualified to show up the ludicrousness and the details of this ridiculous humbug, that has turned the heads of thousands in the past six years around us. The book will be in market in a few days.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.—A ball was lately given by a "Social Burial Society." It must have been a deadly-living affair. It was an ancient Highland custom to have a solemn dance at the house of a deceased person before the funeral. The older persons danced with great gravity, but the younger ones abandoned themselves to frolicking. The custom has fallen into entire disuse.

SAFETY LAMP.—We have seen a lamp, manufactured by Messrs. Ufford, at Derby Range, Court Street, which we regard as worth the attention of all housekeepers. It is very economical, making a brilliant light, even from the poorest oil, and having all the illuminating power of gas or camphene, without the danger attending the use of the latter.

VANITY OF VANITIES.—Lord Brougham has placed a Latin inscription over the door of his French chateau, which may be translated as follows:

> The port is reached; fortune and hope, farewell!
> Enough you've duped me, sport with others now.

PHYSIOGNOMY.—Napoleon was no disciple of Lavater. He declared, from his experience, that no reliance was to be placed on the expression of a man's face. "A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

SARGENT'S NEW PLAY.—The New Orleans Picayune speaks in the highest terms of the "Priestess." Miss Julia Dean—we beg pardon—Mrs. Haynes showed the Ms. to the editor.

BOOKS.—The National Library in Paris contains 1,400,000 volumes, mostly in handsome bindings. It is free to every resident.

SEVERE.—February 7th was the coldest day in Boston and its environs since 1835,—20 years.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

They are making an effort to suppress "betting-houses" in London. They can't do better.

In February, 1717, it snowed for seven days in Massachusetts. No such luck now.

Rev. John Moore, Universalist clergyman of Concord, N. H., died lately of heart complaint.

J. N. T. Tucker, late editor of a Brooklyn paper, who murdered his child lately, was insane.

They have been buffalo riding in the Boston Circus. Not equal to Barnum's buffalo hunt.

A lump of gold worth 38,000 dollars was lately exhibited at the Revere House. Tantalizing.

A lot of brimstone took fire on Central Wharf lately. Suggestive of Lucifer matches.

Rev. F. H. Hedge, D. D. of Providence, R. I., an able man, delivered the last Lowell lectures.

In New York the rogues that steal coats out of entries return the keys of the owners.

Col. Benton says the Digger Indians will dig up the underground telegraph wires to the Pacific.

Mrs. Wentworth and the Mendelsohn Quintette Club have been concerning in Newburyport.

Lieut. Rowan has been taken charge of the Bainbridge, Vice Alvarado Hunter dismissed.

Eleven horses were gored to death at a buffalo fight in Madrid Christmas Day.

Whipple has been daguerreotyping the Cochituate monsters. They look ugly—but taste worse.

The young king of the Sandwich Islands is opposed to annexation. He is a likely person.

Some of the papers think Victoria insane because she wrote a kind letter to the Crimea.

Robert J. Walker is president of a Pacific railroad company. Just the man for it.

Hyson tea is so called from the name of the merchant who first imported tea of that quality.

"The Transcript" calls Graham, the lecturer, "a piece of animated moonshine."

Nothing is more common than to throw away our pity on persons much happier than ourselves.

The fountain of Vaucluse is converted to the ignominious use of turning a paper-mill.

When a man is particularly pleased with himself, it is ten to one nobody else is.

THE ZOUAVES.

Many inquiries have been made as to the nature and character of this new military force brought into requisition so effectively in the war at present existing in the Crimea. The following account answers these inquiries. In 1832, Marshal Soult, then minister of war, ordered the formation of a battalion of Kabyles, under the denomination of Zouaves; but the lively hatred of the Arabians against the Christian invaders, and their natural repulsion to fight against their brethren in faith and in blood, prevented the orders of the marshal from being executed as he wished, so that only a few natives volunteered to enter the French service. But at the same time many young Frenchmen, desirous to go through the African campaigns, and seduced by the graceful and picturesque costume of the Zouaves, enlisted in that corps, which was completed by draughts from the regiments of the line. From one battalion they soon increased to three, and were then formed into a regiment under Col. Lamoriciere. Two years ago the emperor raised the number of regiments of Zouaves from one to three, of three battalions each. They are recruited, like all other regiments, by means of the conscription in all the departments of the empire. Those who persued the list of killed and wounded in the French army after the battle of the Alma, must have noticed that all the names of the Zouaves therein mentioned were essentially French.

HUMOR AND MELANCHOLY.

Humorous men are generally melancholy. Tragedy was a large element in the life of Charles Lamb. They who make the million laugh too often mourn themselves. Every one remembers the story of the famous clown Grimaldi, who nightly kept London on a broad grin. He went to consult a physician to whom he was a stranger on the state of his health. "You need no medicine," said the man of skill—"but something to make you cheerful. Go and see Grimaldi." "Alas!" was the mournful reply, "I am Grimaldi."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—The illustrated newspaper, projected by Mr. F. Gleason, and lately purchased by Maturin M. Ballou, Esq., its editor from the outset, has commenced the year with a new heading, new type, and paper of superior quality. There is now an artistic style and finish about it which it never before displayed, and is now quite up to the standard of the London Illustrated News and Paris illustrations. It is a gratifying proof of the rapid advancement of the arts in this country, and reflects high credit on the enterprise and liberality of its new proprietor. Mr. Ballou is a gentleman of ability, tact and business talent, and he has associated with him, as assistant editor, Mr. Francis A. Durivage, who has been many years connected with the press, and who is a graceful and popular writer of prose and poetry. Mr. Ballou's two weeklies, the PICTORIAL and THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, involve an immense outlay, but are largely remunerative.—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

HISTORICAL.—W. H Prescott, the historian, has just completed two volumes of his history of the reign of Philip II. of Spain, which will be issued by Phillips and Sampson. The government archives and private libraries of Spain have been thrown open to him, and he has already consumed ten years in the accumulation of material and the labor of composition.

LECTURING.—Mr. Curtis, of "Potiphar" and "Howadji" fame, has been lecturing on "Success" successfully in this city. His ideas, brilliant and original, are delivered in a style of elocution that enhances their value.

THICK AND THIN.—People will never be satisfied. In the first part of the winter the ice men complained that the ice was too thin, and now the cry is that it is too thick. That from 12 to 14 inches is preferred by dealers.

GOING TO LAW.—A lawsuit about a cow involving the payment of twelve and a half dollars was lately decided at the Cambridge (Mass.) Court of Common Pleas. Cost $800.

LITERARY.—Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie has just written another book. Her autobiography had a prodigious sale.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Kgiua," a descriptive sketch by EDWIN W. MONTAGUE.

"The Three Sisters," a Russian story by ANNE T. WILBUR.

"A Bear Hunt in the Tyrol," by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"Three Sonnets," by WILLIAM L. SHOEMAKER.

"A Talk with Winter," stanzas by Mrs. L. H. SOUCHAY.

"Origin of the Daguerreotype," a poem.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Interior view of Niblo's Theatre, New York.

A fine series of engravings, representing, first, the Copper Mines of Algeria; second, the Copper Mines of Oundi-Aileda, near Tenes; and third, the Washing Places where the ore is purified from the earth.

A view of the old Roman road, called the Appian Way, the Regina Viarum of the Roman republic.

Views in and near Wilmington, N. C.; first, the first house built there; second, Sawmill at Point Peter, opposite Wilmington; third, residence of Cornelius Harnett, an old revolutionary worthy, fourth, a view of Lord Cornwallis's Head Quarters, and the Episcopal Church at the same place; and fifth, a picture of Market Street, the principal thoroughfare.

Portrait of Isaac Adams, the inventor of the Adams Power Printing Press.

A winter scene, illustrating the sport of skating on Jamaica Pond.

Picture of the Sacred Ibis, with a view of the Mummy of the bird, and the Jar in which it is enclosed.

Map of the Crimea, the seat of the war between Russia and the allied powers.

The Mehari Camel, with a picture of the Bridle and Saddle of the animal.

✎* The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

The Paris exhibition will be opened on the first of May next.

The coronation of the Emperor of Austria is to take place in March.

The Sultan has issued a firman for the formation of a ship canal through the Isthmus of Suez.

Louis Napoleon and his wife will certainly pay a visit to Queen Victoria, at Windsor and Osborne, early in April.

The French residents at Florence have raised a subscription among themselves for sending cigars to the French army in the East.

Each of the ten inch shells thrown by the allies in the siege of Sebastopol, costs, it is said, £35,—about $150.

Five hundred thousand pounds of preserved boiled beef, packed in tin cases, are now being sent out to the Crimea for the use of the troops.

A man of war, now called the Marlborough, of 181 guns, which will be launched in April, is to be named La France, the Empress Eugene officiating as sponsor, at Portsmouth.

Jules Janin receives sixty dollars an article from the Debats, Paris journal, for a weekly critical and gossiping resume of theatrical and other Parisian matters.

The Belfast (Ireland) Mercury makes the strange announcement that the corporation of that city is bankrupt, that it has, in fact, failed, with a debt of £280,000 ($1,350,000).

The English government are about to despatch a portion of the London Fire Brigade to Constantinople, with the necessary apparatus, to protect the hospital at Scutari from fire.

Queen Victoria, now in Paris, has consented to conform to usages of European society and costume, but she can't adopt shoes and stockings, and therefore appears barefoot.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

The best physicians are Dr. Quiet, Dr. Diet, and Dr. Merryman.

The woman who wants a charitable heart wants a pure mind.

Most people seem to imagine that advice, like physic, to do good must be disagreeable.

The calm and elegant satisfaction which the vulgar call melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue.

Little opportunities of doing good are neglected by many who are waiting for an occasion to perform great acts of charity.

Wealth without friends, is like life without health; the one is an uncomfortable fortune, the other a miserable being.

Superstition moulds nature into an arbitrary semblance of the supernatural, and then bows down to the work of its own hands.

Persons of accidental or shadowy merit may be proud; but inborn worth must be always as much above conceit as arrogance.

Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not, it is a debt which will surely be paid when thou art gone.

The darkest and most contemptible ignorance is that of not knowing one's self; and that all we have and all we excel in, is the gift of God.

Never eat while you speak, as a man's throat is too narrow a channel for words to pass up, and good meat to pass down at the same time.

If men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

Guard, if it be possible, your friends from injuring you, lest they, by so doing, become your bitterest enemies, never forgiving the wrongs they have themselves inflicted.

Joker's Budget.

The person who "stole a march," is informed that, if he will return the same, no questions will be asked.

Soldiers, come what may, can never be at a loss for bread, as they always can fall back on the regimental roll.

Why should the kitchen be a delightful retreat in summer time? Answer.—Because it is a cool and airy (culinary) apartment.

"What plan," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

The San Diego Herald thus hits:—"The motto at the head of the Quartzburg Bluffs Daily is—"Terms three dollars, truth though crushed shall rise again, if in advance."

Wedlock without love is like a feast of dishes —no relish, and deception. We would sooner wed an almshouse than a female minus a heart. Well, we would.

A medical student wishes to know in what portion of the animal economy the trombone is to be found. He says that he has frequently heard of it, but cannot find it in the medical books.

Lord John Russell says that there is one bit of truth in the Austrian treaty, and that is at the end, where the name of the representative of England is coupled with the words "*Lame* at Vienna."—*Punch.*

The horse "warranted to stand without tying," which a man bought at auction the other day, is offered for sale by the purchaser, with the additional guaranty that "he will not move without whipping."

Quill and Scissors.

Azro Shipper, of Shrewsbury, Vt., fired into a cleft in a ledge one day lately, not knowing the character of the game, and to his surprise found that he had killed a large bear. Three other bears then made their appearance, and a chase ensued, resulting in the capture of two, though not until all the sportsmen in that region had turned out to aid in the chase.

The Czar has carried on war with the Circassians for twenty-eight years, at an annual cost of 20 000 Russian lives, making a total of 600,000 Russians who have perished in attempting to subdue the independence of Circassia. In the two campaigns against Turkey, of 1826—29, 300,000 men fell, 50,000 of whom perished by the plague.

S. P. (Sarsa Parilla) Townsend's elegant new mansion, corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, New York, is open to the public, at twenty-five cents a head. The proceeds are devoted to the relief of the poor. In a single day, lately, nearly forty dollars was saved.

A young lady, a daughter of Captain Camoens, of the Havre line of packet ships, under the assumed name of Miss Mary Agnes, made her *debut* at the Metropolitan Theatre in New York, recently, and played "Constance," in the "Love Chase," like an old stager.

Upon coming upon the bench in Muscogee County, Georgia, Judge Worrell said that the practice had hitherto been to administer the law in favor of the guilty, but for the next four years he was determined to make it a terror to evil doers.

While boring an Artesian well at New Orleans, a bed of shells was struck at a depth of two hundred and forty feet, and shells of every description and size, having the appearance of those which always line the sea-shore, were brought up by the auger.

A young man named Jeffries was thrown from his horse at a fox hunt, near Unionville, Pa., recently, and very badly injured. Mrs. Jane Emmett, seeing the accident, went to administer relief, but was seized with apoplexy and died on the spot.

Among the Hottentots, if a widow marries again, she is obliged to cut off the joint of a finger for every husband she marries after the first. This she presents to her new husband on her wedding-day, commencing with the little finger first.

During 1854, the number of deaths in Boston reached 4441, and nearly one half were children under five years of age; 751 died of consumption, 261 of cholera, and 260 of inflammation of the lungs.

The house of worship now erecting by Trinity Church Corporation, in the upper part of New York, is estimated to cost $200,000 when completed. Trinity Church, on Broadway, cost $360,000.

It is said that a vessel of war is to be sent out immediately to Bird Island, to redress the wrongs sustained by our guano diggers, at the hands of the government of Venezuela.

The N. Y. Mirror says: "We have it directly from the late lamented Julia Dean's family, that she is veritably married, and is now playing an engagement in the "Honey Moon."

The exports of domestic produce from New Orleans to foreign ports, for the fourth quarter of 1854, amounted to $13 650,539; to coastwise ports, $6,306,722.

It is stated that 9,500,000 pounds of copper ore were transported over the Georgia Central Road from the Tennessee copper mines during the past year.

Mr. Miller was shot through the heart and instantly killed at Jeffersonville, Indiana, by his landlord, Mr. Joseph R. Pratt, in a dispute about an unsettled account.

Dr. Boestler, of Lancaster, Ohio, states that two children have been born there connected together much as the Siemese twins, but he feared they would not survive.

Two hundred and forty three journals and periodicals are published in seventy different localities in Switzerland.

The walls of Grace Church, New York, on each side of the pulpit, are spreading from the pressure of the roof.

Commodore Paulding, of the navy, is the son of that Paulding who was one of the captors of Andre, the British spy.

Ten thousand men, who are out of work paraded the streets of New York, a short time since.

The number of hogs in the United States is said to exceed that of sheep by nearly ten millions.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. James Kendall to Miss Mary E. B. Harris.

By Rev. Mr. Schwarz, Mr. John Schaefer to Miss Philippine Funk.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Hiram Wild to Miss Charlotte B. Davis.

By Rev. Mr. Wiese, Mr. Nathaniel D. Perkins to Miss Matilda A. Scudder.

By Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. James S. Norman to Miss Elizabeth H. Mellon.

By Rev. Mr. Mudge, Dr. J. S. Stevens to Mrs. Sarah A. Waterhouse.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Tappan, Mr. George A. Kilbee to Miss Sarah D. Sanborn.

At Attleborough, by Rev. Mr. Ware, Mr. Thomas W. Jennings to Miss Martha M. Hathaway.

At Watertown, by Rev. Mr. Tillotson, Mr. Henry W. Griswold to Miss Ellen A. Bacon.

At Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. Robert Burr to Miss Harriet Howard.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. James A. Gould to Miss Miranda M. Thayer.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Sewall D. Bean to Miss Elizabeth W. Cunningham.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. William Roxbury to Miss Electa M. Shapley.

At Hyannis, Captain D. P. W. Parker to Miss Angelina F. Bearse.

At Mattapoisett, Captain Levi Snow to Mrs. Sarah S. Leavitt.

At Nantucket, Mr. Samuel F. McCleary of Boston, to Miss Emily T. Barnard.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Higgins, 36; Mr. Wm. Warren, Jr., 28; Mrs. Sarah Blake, 66; Mrs. Mary B. Blake, 36; Mrs. Mary A. Tuttle, 24; Mrs. Susan K. Lynch, 28; Mrs. Hannah Howard, 66; Mrs. Mary R. Chamberlain, 44.

At Charlestown, Miss Ellen E., only daughter of Mr. Isaac M. Whitney.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Rebecca B. Drury, 67.

At Dorchester, Mr. Thomas B. Townsend, 73.

At Jamaica Plain, Miss Mary Jane Barnard, 24.

At East Boston, Mrs. Mary G. Googins, 47.

At Waltham, Mr. George H. Smith, 28.

At Lynn, Mrs. Almira Raddin, 51.

At Salem, Mr. Joseph James, 70.

At Marblehead, Mrs. Elizabeth Bowden, 92.

At Newburyport, Mr. Orlando B. Merrill, 72.

At Worcester, Ella Wheaton, daughter of Mr. Elijah Wheaton, 4 years.

At Bolton, Miss Susan B., daughter of Mr. John W. Holman, 18.

At Westport, Mr. Elijah Gifford, 46.

At Edgartown, Henry E. Pease, son of Captain Henry Pease, 19 years.

At Strafford, N. H., George B., son of Captain Benjamin Merram, 21.

At New York, James O. Ward, Esq., formerly of Brooklyn.

At Williamsburg, L. I., Hon. Herman Knickerbocker of Schaghticoke, N. Y., 76.

At Fort Yan, N. Y., Mrs. Amelia J. wife of Rev. Charles Goodrich, 74.

At Carmel, N. Y., Rev. Henry S. Livingston, late pastor of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MAGIC RING.

BY CHARLES SUTOR.

There is a name whose very sound
Has power in me sad thoughts to quell:
And, as sweet music in a dream,
My soul it thrills—the name Estelle.

As in his song the nightingale
Repeats the name he loves so well,
So would I wed with fame and song,
The lovely name I sing—Estelle.

Should disappointment's dismal gloom
My brightest, fondest hopes dispel,
My tears, to prove its soothing charm,
Would dry up at the name—Estelle.

When, in dark mood, my spirits vexed
Would even friendly words repel,
E'en passion then would change to calm,
Lulled by the magic name—Estelle.

In lonely wilds, where trees are bare,
In rocky glens, where echoes dwell,
I musing walk, and ask myself,
What mystery in the name—Estelle?

And if the name I speak aloud,
Those echoes with the music swell,
And to themselves repeat it round,
As if they loved the name—Estelle.

Why does this name so strangely charm?
Does it all other names excel?
Or do all men rejoice, as if
The sweetest music were—Estelle?

Yet it is not the name alone
That makes the talismanic spell;
But love has linked my dreams of bliss
With one who bears the name—Estelle.

No marvel at the empty sound
Sweet thoughts should in my breast upwell;
No marvel that so many chorus
Are clustered round the name—Estelle.

No, 'tis not strange the name is sweet,
Nor need I blush my love to tell;
For who, that having seen and known,
Would not, like me, adore—Estelle?

From realms of bliss above, methinks,
She has come down on earth to dwell;
Ah, may she linger long, and make
To me more dear the name—Estelle.

But should the angels take her sprite,
And, taking, ring my fond hope's knell,
I'd love that fair form 'neath the sod,
And still feel on the name—Estelle.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LUCIE LA MOOR:

—OR,—

THE ARTIST'S INSPIRATION.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO'.

THERE was a new picture to be exhibited in the Art Gallery, in the renowned city of Florence. It was the production of an obscure artist, unknown yet, save to one noble patron of art, through whose influence the work obtained its place among the choice collections of the country.

"What is this new picture on exhibition?" inquired one of another of the hurrying multitude, as each pressed on his own way through the busy streets.

"It is much talked of," said others.

"Let us go and see for ourselves," said one of the group of young artists, who had stopped to exchange the morning salutation.

Thus, at an early hour, the staircase, leading into the magnificent hall, shook beneath the tread of heavy footsteps. Here were seen lovers of art, old and renowned artists tottering under the weight of years; young and beautiful women, themselves more lovely in their youth and freshness of being than the most delicate Titian face that ever entranced the soul of the enthusiast and devotee to beauty.

The design of the work was Shakspeare's Cordelia. It was indeed a picture of rare merit. As you looked at it intently, you seemed to hear the words, "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low." The beauty of the face lay not in its brilliancy, but in it one might read the personification of his highest ideas of woman's devotion and gentleness.

There was a universal hum of applause running through the vast hall, as one group after another pressed forward, or backward, to obtain a view of the work in different lights, as their taste or fancy dictated.

Gliding along noiselessly as a shadow, under the disguise of the heavy drapery of a cloak, might be seen a pale student, restlessly moving here and there, his eyes flashing with excitement, as he threw their strange light among the crowd, piercing the vast concourse of faces, as if to read the soul of each one who gazed upon this, his darling work. He wore over his forehead a student's cap, and this, with the heavy masses of brown hair that hung about his neck, wrought an admirable disguise, and concealed the noble brow, white as a young girl's, with all that expression of delicacy that gave the finest touches to the figures that had sprung into life at his bidding.

By-and-by the audience became thinner, and only a few quiet groups remained, loitering about the hall, engaged in low conversation, pausing now and then to discuss, for the hundredth time, the fresh beauties that haunted them in the choice paintings.

The young student withdrew himself into a recess that commanded a view of one of the loveliest of gardens that surrounded the eastern side of the building. Here, for some time, he watched people walking under the trees, conversing merrily, or laughing in pleasant glee. At the end of an hour, every sound of footsteps had ceased, and a perfect quiet settled upon the hall that had so recently been busy with the hum of voices, and the tread of many feet.

As the student turned his eyes from the scene without, that had absorbed his entire attention, he started to find himself alone in the midst of those wonderful works of art. A heavy screen placed before the recess concealed his figure, and when he hastily arose and appeared in the middle of the apartment, he noticed, for the first time, the presence of a young and beautiful woman. She was standing directly by his own work, and had evidently been too much engrossed to be aware of his presence.

Having convinced himself that he had not yet been observed, the artist again retired into the recess, and placed himself in a position that commanded a full view of the lady's face, with all its varying expressions. She was indeed beautiful enough to attract the gaze of a young enthusiast in art, and he stood for an half hour looking out from his concealment, scarcely daring to breathe for fear lest he might betray himself.

Henrie thought, as he followed with eager eye each shade of thought that stole over the fair countenance, that he had never seen any creation half so lovely as the being who now appeared before him. She seemed to him like the imaginings of his own brain when fired by the glow of inspiration; something that he had prayed he might be able to embody on canvass when at the height of his attainment. He had dreamed of the face in his sleeping and waking hours, but never had dared to hope to find a realization of so rare a beauty.

Not until the lady arose and quietly passed out from the hall, did the artist move from his hiding-place. A sudden impulse seized him to follow her. His brain half wild with the previous excitement of the exhibition of his work, with the after delirium of passion that had taken possession of him, had wrought him up into a state of mind far beyond the practical life that lies about us. It seemed to him in his heated fancy no strange or improper act to steal after the lady, and trace, if possible, her footsteps to her own place of abode.

Drawing his cloak more closely about him, Henrie was enabled to pass through the crowds unobserved, and for a time was successful in his object.

The lady was of medium height, and her fine form lost none of the grace and dignity of bearing that had been observable in her sitting posture in the hall. After walking rapidly for some time, the lady suddenly stopped, and turning around, in evident confusion, seemed to be anxiously seeking some one to whom she could address herself.

Henrie was so near to the lady that he could observe every expression upon her fair face, and longing to be of service to one so beautiful and attractive, he half stopped to give her an opportunity to make what inquiry she might be then seeking.

The lady noticed the movement of the gentleman near to her, and his student cap and cloak denoting his profession, inspired her with confidence to speak, which she did in a low, half-frightened tone.

"I think I have missed my way, sir. I had thought to go to ——, but find I am far from my destination."

"You are, indeed, far from your residence," answered Henrie; "too far to retrace your steps without exposing you to great fatigue. Will you allow me to call a carriage to take you to your home?"

The lady nodded assent, and giving her address to the coachman in a low voice, that escaped Henrie's ear, she thanked her guide for his assistance, and soon passed out of sight.

Henrie was then content to return to his lodgings. He had heard the lady speak, and the tones of her voice convinced him that the fair body was but a fitting temple for a more beautiful soul. The human voice gives us deep revelations of nature, and is, perhaps, the truest test we have of gaining knowledge of the hearts of those with whom we daily come in contact.

The student sat in his small studio until a late hour of the night, striving to recall the features, the form, the grace, and all the delicate graces of mind the few spoken words had revealed to him, and strove to fix them in his tablets as a living picture that would at some future time spring into life from his canvas. He should be a greater artist from having seen one so lovely. Already had he begun to worship her as a "thing of beauty;" selfish even in the first dreamings of love, as we all are in our highest aspirations. The more refined and cultivated the mind, the more subtle the selfishness that unconsciously pervades our whole being.

On the following morning, Henrie walked rapidly from his lodgings to the exhibition hall. Again the apartment shook beneath the crowd of spectators, who on this day had been attracted to the gallery by extravagant reports of friends the day previous.

The young artist looked on his work now with less satisfaction than he had been wont to view it. Cordelia was no longer to him the ideal beauty; he had thought to embody in this work his highest conception of female loveliness. Now, how did the old ideal vanish before the new glory of the later revelation. He wandered about the paintings, disappointed, scarcely looking at his own work, watching each new comer, hoping to see the fair being of yesterday.

Nor was Henrie forced to look in vain, for after the crowd had began to disperse, this same beautiful woman entered the room from a private entrance, and without heeding any one, passed directly to the painting of Cordelia.

Henrie saw her approach with a transport of delight that could hardly be restrained. He resolved to keep himself so near to the fair stranger that her attention would be attracted to him, hoping thus to engage her in conversation, and learn from her own lips her idea of the work.

Henrie soon had opportunity to do this, for on changing her position to take in the picture from another point of view, the lady was surprised at finding herself face to face with the person who had rendered her service the day previous. After a moment of confusion on her part at the unexpectedness of the meeting, the lady modestly extended her hand to Henrie, saying:

"I have again to thank you for befriending me. One hardly knows whom to trust when bewildered in a city like ours. Your service has made me more grateful than I find it in my power to express."

Henrie, with his usual gentlemanly demeanor, replied to this address, and wishing to extend the conversation, said to her:

"You are viewing the new picture on exhibition; will you favor me with your own idea of its merit. What is it that attracts you?—for you seem to be regarding the work with much earnestness."

"I am indeed deeply interested in the picture," answered Lucie La Moor (for this was the name of the lady). "It seems to me a rare work of art. The artist has personified the quality in female character most lovely and worthy of admiration; that sweet womanliness that combines gentleness with strength and fortitude. The framer of this work has looked deep into human experience, and has a fine perception of spiritual beauty. Is it yet known who is to claim the honor of the work?"

"It yet remains a secret," answered Henrie.

A few moments more of conversation relative to the picture followed, and the lady bowed to the artist, and left the room by the same private entrance.

For many succeeding days Henrie and Lucie met in the same hall to talk over and over the wonderful works of art on exhibition. Other subjects were touched on—subjects relating to literature, or life. In all of these conversations the lady showed a culture of mind, and an appreciation of art, as rare as it was delightful to the young student. But all this time he could gain no information as to her history. She never asked him to visit her, nor never seemed to expect or desire gallantry, or any degree of attention from him.

There came a time at length when Henrie looked in vain for the coming of the fair stranger. He had been wont to look for her approach as the one great event of his life. His days were passed alone in his studio with his busy pencil and busier brow, and the one hour of morning intercourse with Lucie La Moor, gave him a new inspiration wherewith to bring out from unshapely canvass embodiments of beauty and art.

Now the days were long and weary. The pencil had ceased to do the bidding of the mind that prompted it. His soul was as full of images, but his mind was restless and dissatisfied.

Weeks and months passed, and nowhere, neither in the street, nor in the accustomed place of meeting, did Henrie see the face that had haunted his waking and sleeping hours since the first moment he had looked upon it. At length tired out and dispirited, Henrie conceived the idea of placing on his canvass the impressions remaining on his memory of Lucie's loveliness.

This was no slight task. It called into action every faculty of his mind, and required all the excellence he had attained in art; but he threw his whole soul into it, and found in his work a relief for the disappointment that had seized him.

Day by day, slowly did the hand of the artist trace the lines that made up the lovely features, and throw over them the faintest and most delicate shades of feeling. Never had a work absorbed him like this. Never before had he stood in awe of his genius; but now, as he bent over his canvass, and met there the smile, the same soft expression of eye that had so shortly since beamed on him, spoken to him, smiling as it spoke, then indeed did he tremble before the mystery of that wonderful creating power.

A year passed. The work was completed and placed beside the former one in the Art-Gallery, on exhibition. Fresh applause greeted the ears of the artist, as he stood again in the hall now swarming with memories, and sacred as Heaven to him.

Henrie looked about among the crowds of faces around him, but the look of approving delight that met him did not satisfy him. There was one smile wanting, one word, or even the presence without the word, of one being, was worth all the enthusiasm of applauding crowds. He withdrew himself into the recess, and sat for a long time, his eye fixedly wandering about over the multitude of faces; and sitting thus, did he first notice the approach of a lady, clad in weeds, who entered unattended, and pursued her way to the two works of the young artist.

An electric shock could not have aroused Henrie more sensibly than the appearance of this lady in the garments of mourning. Her face was turned from him, but there was no mistaking the grace and dignity of demeanor of the person before him.

It was Lucie La Moor. Henrie knew it, felt it, although he had not yet caught a sight of her face. Heavens! there she stood before the representation of her own beautiful self. Would she recognize it? Would she remember him? Query after query of this nature passed through the mind of Henrie. It seemed to him impossible to resist the impulse that urged him forward to her side. He did not seek to restrain it; he had thought of this one being, dreamed of her, lived in the memory of her, and she had become to him so much a part of his life that he forgot how few the actual words that had passed between them, or how slight the intercourse had been. He only felt that something indescribably dear and beautiful had been restored to him, something that had been long lost, and separated from him, instantly brought back to him.

In a moment Henrie stood by the side of Lucie La Moor, who saw him at once and uttered a low cry of mingled surprise and joy, at the same time extending her hand to him as a pledge of her former friendship. Thus they stood for a long time together before the painting, and at length Lucie La Moor spoke:

"There is a strange influence coming out of this new face that looks down upon us. I do not understand it. I seem to be looking at something familiar, and yet far off, and when I think to catch some memory, the recollection vanishes, and I grow confused. Who is this wonderful artist, and what is the secret power of this work?"

"Lady," said Henrie, "fair lady—beautiful and more lovely than dream of wildest poet—thou hast inspired the hand that traced the face. Thou art looking on *thyself*, and the artist stands by your side."

"Then is my life more than blessed, glorious again in being recreated in art," cried Lucie La Moor, giving her hand to Henrie, who clasped it so vehemently in his excited passion that it extorted a low cry of pain from the lips of the lady.

"Let us seat ourselves, for I have much to say to you of the past;" and Henrie led Lucie La Moor to the same recess that had been the scene of so many of his hours of meditation.

Then the lady spoke to the artist of her own life. She was the only daughter of a distinguished artist in Florence, many of whose works now adorned the walls of the gallery wherein they were seated. Lucie was in fact the only child, and, inheriting all her father's love of art, with a delicacy of perception that surpassed not only her parents, but many who had arrived at greater excellence in the profession.

The father hoped to make of his child an artist of rare merit, but in this was he disappointed, for Lucie's power lay wholly in the conception of the work. She had no gift to trace the lines that brought out the features on the canvass. In fine, she was unable to perform the common work of drawing with any degree of accuracy, but her ideas and images furnished her father with subjects for his pencil.

This employment was Lucie's life and happiness. We can imagine the bond that existed between the parent and child. But the artist died, and Lucie was now bereft of all. Crushed by the suddenness of the blow, she lingered herself at death's door for many weeks, longing to go out after the precious life that had departed, but was compelled to remain behind. Health again came, and brought with it the same absorbing love of art.

How desolate were now the lordly halls of the family mansion to the orphaned Lucie! How lonely the gardens, the library, the studio, and the dear old chamber where expired the life so sacred to her! How disconsolate, how more than bereaved, was Lucie La Moor!

Then Lucie heard of the new painting from the author of Cordelia, and summoning all her resolution, she repaired to the Art Gallery. Much more of her family history Lucie La Moor related to Henrie, but enough has been revealed to satisfy our purpose.

The narrative ended, Henrie took again the hand of Lucie La Moor, and bending low his head, whispered to her of his love and idolatry; he told her of the past year of his life, of the new inspiration that had come to him from out her life.

Lucie La Moor listened to Henrie, and as he ended the recital of his passion, she, too, said in the same soft tone that had first thrilled the artist's soul with indescribable emotions:

"The perfection of art is when the mind in its search for beautiful forms, finds, and fastens upon some higher creation than has ever before been conceived in the soul. Tell me, Henrie, do you thus love?"

"Even thus do I dare to say I love."

"Then shall Lucie La Moor be your bride."

* * * * *

In after time the halls of the family mansion again awoke with the sound of joy and merriment. Merry hearts and tiny feet danced through the desolate rooms, and the walls of the old studio again beamed anew with life. Henrie and Lucie, with their children, lived therein a happy life.

INDESTRUCTIBILITY.

We can alter the combinations and form of matter, but we can in no way destroy it; and though we may avail ourselves of its properties, in order to obtain an enormous force to do our bidding, and so make ourselves independent of wind and tide, and even anticipate the flight of time, we can create no new property.

"One of the most obvious cases," says Sir J. Herschell, "of apparent destruction is, when anything is ground to dust and scattered to the winds. But it is one thing to grind a fabric to powder, and another to annihilate its materials: scattered as they may be, they must fall somewhere, and continue, if only as ingredients of the soil, to perform their humble but useful part in the economy of nature. The destruction produced by fire is more striking. In many cases, as in the burning of a piece of charcoal or a taper, there is no smoke—nothing visibly dissipated and carried away; the burning [illegible], wastes and disappears, while nothing seems to be produced but warmth and light, which we are not in the habit of considering as substances; and when all has disappeared, except perhaps some trifling ashes, we naturally enough suppose it is gone, lost, destroyed. But when the question is examined more exactly, we detect, in the invisible stream of heated air which ascends from the glowing coal or flaming wax, the whole ponderable matter only united in a new combination with the air, and dissolved in it. Yet, so far from being thereby destroyed, it is only become such as that it was before it existed in the form of charcoal or wax—an active agent in the business of the world, and a main support of vegetable and animal life, and is still susceptible of running again into the same round, as circumstances may determine; so that, for aught we can see to the contrary, the same identical atom may lie concealed for a thousand of centuries in a limestone rock; may at length be quarried, set free in the limekiln, mix with the air, be absorbed from it by plants, and in succession become a part of the frames of myriads of living beings, till some concurrence of events consign it once more to a long repose, which, however, no way omits it from again resuming its former activity."—*Scientific American.*

TRADITION OF THE ARABS.

King Nimrod one day commanded his three sons to enter his presence, and he caused to be placed before them by his slaves three sealed urns. One of the urns was of gold, the second of amber, and the last of clay. The king desired his eldest son to choose among them that which appeared to contain the treasure of the greatest price. The eldest chose the vase of gold, on which was written "Empire." He opened it, and found it full of blood. The second chose the amber vase, on which was written "Glory." He opened it, and found it filled with the ashes of men who had been famous on the earth. The third took the remaining vase—that of clay. He opened it, and found it empty: but in the bottom, the potter had written one of the names of God.

"Which of these vases weighs most?" demanded the king of his court.

The ambitious replied, the vase of gold; the conquerors, the vase of amber; the sages answered and said:

"The empty vase, because a single letter in the name of God weighs more than the entire globe."—*Eastern Stories.*

BARON STEUBEN.

Of this brave officer, to whom the American army of the Revolution is so much indebted for what little of discipline it attained, nothing is known, until we find him serving as aid in the army of Frederick, King of Prussia. His birthplace is supposed to have been at Stadia, in Germany, where he inherited an estate from his father. Becoming dissatisfied with the services of the Prussian king, he resigned his commission in the army, and after spending a short time in Paris, he embarked, under an assumed name, and with the avowed purpose of serving the cause of liberty in America, on board a French ship at Marseilles, and landed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the first of December, 1777. He made the most liberal offers to Congress, which were accepted, and he was immediately ordered to join the American army, then lying in winter quarters at Valley Forge, bearing the commission of inspector general.

Baron Steuben found the army in a most deplorable condition; the soldiers destitute of clothing, arms, and almost everything which constitutes an army. It was enough to strike dismay into any heart less stout than his. His utter ignorance of our language rendered his situation only the more hopeless. On the first parade confusion was worse confounded, from the soldiers not understanding the orders, and being utterly unused to the new movements of the baron, who was also fast losing his patience, when Captain Walker, of the New York Fourth, tendered his services as an interpreter of his orders.

"If I had seen an angel from heaven," said the baron, years afterwards, "I should not have been more rejoiced."

Walker immediately became his aid, and was rarely from his side afterwards. From this time the discipline and tactics of the army began rapidly to improve. Every fair day the troops were mustered at daylight, and underwent a most thorough scrutiny and severe drill. Every defect was noticed and rebuked, while every effort to do well received the baron's smile and approval. As almost a matter of necessity, he sometimes censured his men when they deserved it not. Whenever he discovered this, he always made frank and manly reparation. Having ordered a lieutenant of Colonel Jackson's regiment to the rear in disgrace for a fault of which he deemed him guilty, and shortly after learning his innocence, "Desire Lieutenant Gibbons to come to the front," said he to his colonel.

"Sir," said the baron, when he appeared, "the fault which was made by throwing the line into confusion, might, in the presence of an enemy, have proved fatal. I arrested you as its supposed author. I have learned my mistake, and believe you blameless. I ask your pardon. Return to your command. I would not deal unjustly by any, much less by one whose character as an officer is so respectable."

During this speech the baron uncovered his venerable head, on which the rain fell in a continued torrent.

Having received the sanction of the War Department and Congress, Steuben entered upon a more enlarged plan of improving the army, the importance of which was soon manifest in the success of our arms at Monmouth. His selection of his aids evinced great forecast and discrimination. They made a happy family—all of whom loved the baron as a father; and although, when on duty, he allowed not the slightest approach to familiarity, yet, while in barracks, the youngest could approach him with the utmost freedom.

In 1778, Baron Steuben prepared his admirable treatise on military training, at the request of the commander-in-chief, which, for many years, was considered the standard in the army and the states' militia.

Baron Steuben took part in most of the movements of the army during the remnant of the war, rendering such important service as to receive the approval of the governor and legislature of Virginia, as well as of Congress and Washington. At the close of the war, he, in common with other officers and soldiers of the Revolution, found great difficulty in obtaining payment for their services; and the baron built him a log house on land granted him by New York, where Utica now stands, where he died on the 28th of November, 1794. "The highly-polished manners of the baron were graced by the most noble feelings of the heart. His hand, open as day to melting charity, closed only in the grasp of death."—*U. S. Journal.*

FOR WHAT?

"Pa, did God make oysters?"

"Yes, my son."

"What for?"

"For us to eat."

"Well—but then, why do they have shells?"

This was a riddle to the little fellow—that oysters are made to be eaten, and yet are made with shells to prevent their being eaten. The same question of the intention of God in the creation of things, meets the student of Nature at almost every spot. Every plant has been given some way of resisting injury. The blades of grass have saw-like margin. The leaves of corn are sharply edged with flint; the heads of grass are bearded; the kernels of all nuts are cased in by a shell to prevent their being destroyed. And trees have been armed and made for the destruction of all these. Cows with rough tongues for drawing grass into their mouths; horses with front teeth like shears for cutting it off; and sheep that chop it off with their under teeth against their upper gums, as a hatchet chops on a block. The teeth of the squirrels are softest on the inside, that they may wear sharp, and grow continually that they may not become too short. In this way they are kept keen enough to go through the shell of a dried butter-nut, though it turns the edge of a knife. These self-sharpening teeth were surely made for chiselling the shells of nuts.

Every animal has also been given some means of defence. Horses have their teeth, and their hoofs, and their speed. Oxen have their heels and their horns. Even sheep have their wool, and some speed, and can butt. Oysters and turtles their shells, and hedgehogs their quills. But for the destruction of these, there are the carnivorous races, with claws to catch them, with tusks to transfix them, and with intestines that can be used for no other purpose than to digest their flesh. Fish have been given an instinct to fear, and the use of fins with which to escape from the fish-hawk, and yet this bird was given a beak and talons, and sight to spy out their destruction. It seems as though everything had been arranged to prevent death on the one hand, and yet to effect it on the other.—*Country Gentleman.*

EFFECTS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Borchet, a French author of the sixteenth century, states that the physicians of Montpelier, which was the great school of medicine, had every year two criminals, the one living, the other dead, for dissection. On one occasion they tried what effect the mere expectation of death would have on a subject in perfect health, and in order to these experiments they told the gentleman for such was his rank, who was placed at their discretion, that as the easiest mode of taking away his life, they would employ the means Seneca had chosen for himself, and open his veins in warm water. Accordingly they covered his face, pinched his feet without lancing them, and set them in a footbath, and then spoke to each other, as if blood was flowing freely, and life departing with it. The man remained motionless; and when, after a while, they uncovered his face, he was dead.—*N. Y. Enquirer.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LEAF IS OFF THE TREE.

BY W. L. BROWNELL.

The leaf is off the tree,
And the fruit is off the bough;
But as when first I saw thee,
Even so I love thee now.
It was the joyous summer;
And the flowers were blooming gay;
But thou, in thy young beauty,
Wert lovelier far than they!

I saw thee among them move,
Than the summer-eve more fair,
With the light of joy around thee,
And a rose-bud in thy hair.
The birds were sweetly singing,
As the night-mild twilight met,
But the music of thy words, love,
To me was sweeter yet.

The flowers imbibed the light,
And the warm rays of the sun;
'Twas from his kingly bounty,
That their life and joy they won.
But 'twas from the bright eyes, love,
Which showered the pure beam,
That love in me had being,
Which shall nevermore depart.

Ah, it were sad, indeed,
If the love that lights my hours,
Should wane with the sun of summer,
And perish with the flowers!
Some love may be thus fleeting,
But mine no change shall rue;
And, as it cheered life's summer,
It shall cheer its winter, too.

Thy cheeks may lose their bloom,
And thine eyes become less bright;
But to me thou will aye be lovely,
In memory's magic light.
As, in that eve of summer,
She will picture thee as fair,
With thy wiles of heavenly sweetness,
And the rose-bud in thy hair.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MOOR'S CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF GRANADA.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

THE moon had risen and shone with unclouded brilliancy upon a scene of warlike preparation. Horses had been led and saddled, and polished, and now in the court-yard champed pawed twelve powerful war-horses, eleven which were backed by men all in glittering the twelfth was held by a groom, and without only to be mounted by the brave knight of Guarinois. Standing by a deep window through which the moonlight streamed, were two figures one the young and brave Count Guarinois, the other his loved and lovely wife, the Lady Blanche. She was a delicate and slender girl, with a form matronly in either air or figure, not even yet quite over eighteen, and of rare beauty. Beautiful was hers, of the first order; the high, pale forehead, from which the brown curls fell in profusion; the delicately pencilled eye-brows, large, soft, brown eyes, gazing with a sadness but calm look upon the count—all were portrayed in their serene, holy beauty. Henri Guarinois looked sadly upon his lovely wife, the bride but four short months, whom he must now prepare to mingle in the blood and strife of war. Hence they stood, till the count, rousing himself from his abstraction, said:

"My good steed Trebizond and my armor—arme grow impatient, and I must cease thy lingering, dear Blanche;" and he bent his tall form and kissed her pale brow.

Lady Blanche was pale, but her eyes were bright and calm as ever—she would not be a warrior's wife, show how her heart trembled within sank. After a mutual embrace, one long, last kiss, she with her own delicate fingers laced his helm. Her fingers lingered one moment on the clasp of his mailed hand, then leading him to the door, in a clear voice she bade him go.

"Go, and may God be with you and keep safe my noble Henri!"

One instant more, and he had vaulted into his saddle, and at the head of his men-at-arms was dashing out of the court-yard gate. Their points dashed like diamonds in the moonlight, and the steel shod hoofs of their horses echoed merrily on the stones. Ere the outer gate was passed, the count turned in his saddle, and waved a mute adieu to his loved lady; one moment his white crest mingled with his charger's flowing mane, the next he was gone, and the portal closed behind him.

Long stood Lady Blanche in that castle court with the moon lighting up her sad, pale face, long after her husband's form had disappeared from her sight, she stood attentively listening to the sound of the steel-shod hoofs, growing more and more faint, till even her anxious ear could catch no further sound; then with a sigh, she turned to her desolate apartments.

The drawbridge was secured, the portcullis lowered by her orders, and a vow she registered with the moon lighting up her sad, pale face, long after her husband's form had disappeared from her sight, she stood attentively listening to the sound of the steel-shod hoofs, growing more and more faint, till even her anxious ear could catch no further sound; then with a sigh, she turned to her desolate apartments.

The drawbridge was secured, the portcullis lowered by her orders, and a vow she registered with the moon lighting up her sad, pale face, long after her husband's form had disappeared from her sight, she stood attentively listening to the sound of the steel-shod hoofs, growing more and more faint, till even her anxious ear could catch no further sound; then with a sigh, she turned to her desolate apartments.

The drawbridge was secured, the portcullis lowered by her orders, and a vow she registered to admit no stranger to the hospitality of her board, till her husband returned. Many ladies did the same while their lords were absent and in peril.

Many tears were shed after the flight of the cavaliers. The Moors fought like demons. The smoke hung like a pall over the battle ground, a mingled clamor as of thousands in agony smote on the ears of the despairing Prince. Backwards and forwards rode the knight of Guarinois, cheering and shouting to the fight. Foremost was Count Guarinois, apparently unwearied. "On, on to the rescue! Forward! Forward! victory!" he shouted, to no purpose. The column was broken and beaten back, and borne backwards in wild confusion. The heart of Guarinois sank when he beheld despair and wild retreat of the men. He stood more as arms all seemed to be struggling with despair and terror. One effort more he knew Guarinois made. Waving his helmet high and putting spurs to his gallant steed, he rushed forwards, his white plume streaming in the air, and his clear, high tones could be heard.

:ARON STEUBEN.

e officer, to whom the American evolution is so much indebted for iscipline it attained, nothing is e find him serving as aid in the ick, King of Prussia. His birth- ed to have been at Suabia, in e he inherited an estate from his ing dissatisfied with the services king, he resigned his commission l after spending a short time in rked, under an assumed name, avowed purpose of serving the r in America, on board a French les, and landed at Portsmouth, , on the first of December, 1777. most liberal offers to Congress, epted, and he was immediately the American army, then lying rs at Valley Forge, bearing the inspector general.

en found the army in a most de- on; the soldiers destitute of clo- almost everything which consti-

It was enough to strike dismay ss stout than his. His utter ig- language rendered his situation hopeless. On the first parade worse confounded, from the sol- standing the orders, and being to the new movements of the s also fast losing his patience, Walker, of the New York Fourth, ervices as an interpreter of his

en an angel from heaven," said s afterwards, "I should not have ieed."

ediately became his aid, and was side afterwards. From this time nd tactics of the army began rap- . Every fair day the troops were aylight, and underwent a most ny and severe drill. Every defect d rebuked, while every effort to do the baron's smile and approval. natter of necessity, he sometimes men when they deserved it most discovered this, he always made ly reparation. Having ordered a colonel's men's regiment to be for a fault of which he deemed d shortly after learning his inno- e Lieutenant Gibbons to come to d he to his colonel.

the baron, when he appeared, h was made by throwing the line might, in the presence of an enor- ved fatal. I arrested you as its or. I have learned my mistake, u blameless. I ask your pardon. command. I would not deal un- much less by one whose character so respectable."

speech the baron uncovered his l, on which the rain fell in a con-

ived the sanction of the War De- Congress, Steuben entered upon a plan of improving the army, the which was soon manifest in the arms at Monmouth. His abili- s evinced great forecast and dis- They made a happy family—all of e baron as a father; and although, he allowed not the slightest ap- iarity, yet, while in barracks, the approach him with the utmost

on Steuben prepared his admir- military training, at the request nder-in-chief, which, for many sidered the standard in the army militia.

en took part in most of the move- army during the remnant of the such important service as to re- oval of the governor and legisla- ia, as well as of Congress and At the close of the war, he, in other officers and soldiers of the and great difficulty in obtaining eir services; and the baron built se on land granted him by New dica now stands, where he died November, 1794. "The highly- ers of the baron were graced by feelings of the heart. His hand, melting charity, closed only in ath."—*U. S. Journal.*

FOR WHAT?

d make oysters ?"
n."
"
at."
then, why do they have shells ?"
eddle to the little fellow—that oys- o be eaten, and yet are made with nt their being eaten. The same intention of God in the creation is the student of Nature is almost very plant has been given some ng injury. The blades of grass margin. The leaves of corn are with flint; the heads of grass are rnels of all nuts are cased in by nn their being destroyed. And been animals made for the de- these. Cows with rough tongues ss into their mouths; horses with o sheers for cutting it off; and p it off with their under teeth per gums, as a hatchet chops on teeth of the squirrels are direct that they may wear sharp, and ly that they may not become too way they are kept keen enough the shell of a dried butternut, the edge of a knife. These self- h were surely made for chiselling nts.

has also been given some means orses have their teeth, and their r speed. Oxen have their heels s. Even sheep have their wool, l, and can butt. Oysters and tur- s, and hedgehogs their quills. struction of these, there are the ces, with claws to catch them, ransfix them, and with intestines d for no other purpose than to di- . Fish have been given an in- nd the use of fins with which to fish-hawk, and yet this bird was d talons, and must live by their ; seems as though everything had o prevent death on the one hand, t it on the other.—*Country Gen-*

OF THE IMAGINATION.

French author of the sixteenth hat the physicians at Montpelier, great school of medicine, had criminals, the one living, the r dissection. On one occasion effect the mere expectation of ve on a subject in perfect health, these experiments they told the such was his rank), who was discretion, that as the easiest away his life, they would employ ea had chosen for himself, and n warm water. Accordingly they e, pinched his feet without lanc- ect then in a footbath, and then her, as if blood was flowing free- ring with it. The man remain- nd when, after a while, they un- , he was dead.—*N. Y. Enquirer.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LEAF IS OFF THE TREE.

BY W. L. HIGHMARK.

The leaf is off the tree,
And the fruit is off the bough;
But as when first I saw thee,
Even so I love thee now.
It was the joyous summer;
And the flowers were blooming gay;
But thou, in thy young beauty,
Wert lovelier far than they.

I saw thee 'mong them move,
Than the summer-eve more fair,
With the light of joy around thee,
And a rose-bud in thy hair.
The birds were sweetly singing,
As the night mild twilight met;
But the music of thy words, love,
To me was sweeter yet.

The flowers imbibed the light,
And the warm rays of the sun;
'Twas from his kingly bounty,
That their life and joy they won.
But 'twas from thy bright eyes, love,
Which mirrored thy pure heart,
That love in me had being,
Which shall nevermore depart.

Ah, it were sad, indeed,
If the love that lights my hours,
Should wane with the sun of summer,
And perish with its flowers!
Some love may be thus fleeting,
But mine no change shall rue;
And, as it cheered life's summer,
It shall cheer its winter, too.

Thy cheeks may lose their bloom,
And thine eyes become less bright;
But to me thou wilt aye be lovely,
In memory's magic light.
Ay, in that eve of summer,
She will picture thee as fair,
With thy voice of heavenly sweetness,
And the rose-bud in thy hair.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MOOR'S CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF GRANADA.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

The moon had risen and shone with unclouded brilliancy upon a scene of warlike preparation. Horses had been fed and saddled, armor polished, and now in the court-yard champed and pawed twelve powerful war-horses, eleven of which were backed by men all in glittering steel; the twelfth was held by a groom, and waiting only to be mounted by the brave knight Henri Guarinois. Standing by a deep window through which the moonlight streamed, were two figures, one the young and brave Count Guarinois, the other his loved and lovely wife, the Lady Blanche. She was a delicate and slender girl, with nothing marked in either air or figure, not certainly over eighteen, and of rare beauty. Beauty indeed was hers, of the first order; the high, pale forehead, from which the brown curls fell in profusion; the delicately pencilled eye-brows and large, soft, brown eyes, gazing with a saddened, but calm look upon the count—all were perfect in their serene, holy beauty. Henri Guarinois looked sadly upon his lovely wife, the bride of but four short months, whom he must now leave to mingle in the blood and strife of war. In silence they stood, till the count, rousing himself from his abstraction, said:

"My good steed Trebizond and my men-at-arms grow impatient, and I must cease this lingering, dear Blanche;" and he bent his tall form and kissed her pale brow.

Lady Blanche was pale, but her eye was as bright and calm as ever—she would not, she a warrior's wife, show how her heart trembled and sank. After a mutual embrace, one long, last kiss, she with her own delicate fingers laced his helm. Her fingers lingered one moment in the clasp of his mailed hand, then leading him to the door, in a clear voice she bade him go.

"Go, and may God be with you and keep you, my noble Henri!"

One instant more, and he had vaulted into his saddle, and at the head of his men-at-arms, was dashing out of the court-yard. Their lance points flashed like diamonds in the moonlight, and the steel shod hoofs of their horses clanged merrily on the stones. Ere the outer gate was passed, the count turned in his saddle and waved a mute adieu to his loved lady; one moment his white crest mingled with his charger's flowing mane, the next he was gone, and the gate closed behind him.

Long stood Lady Blanche in that castle door, with the moon lighting up her sad, pale face; long after her husband's form had disappeared from her sight, she stood attentively listening to the sound of the steel-shod hoofs, growing faint and more faint, till even her anxious ear could catch no further sound; then with a sigh, she turned to her desolate apartments.

The drawbridge was secured, the portcullis lowered by her orders, and a vow she registered, to admit no stranger to the hospitality of her board, till her husband returned. Many noble ladies did the same while their lords were absent and in peril.

Many tears were shed after the fight of Roncesvalles. The Moors fought like demons. The smoke hung like a pall over the battle ground; a mingled clamor as of thousands in agony, smote on the ears of the despairing Frenchmen. Backwards and forwards rode the knights and paladins, cheering and shouting to the men. Foremost was Count Guarinois, apparently fresh and unwearied. "On, on to the rescue! Close up! France and victory!" he shouted, but to no purpose. The column was broken and panic-struck, and borne backwards in wild confusion. The heart of Guarinois sunk when he beheld the despair and wild retreat of the men. Knights and men-at-arms all seemed to be struck alike with despair and terror. One effort more the brave Guarinois made. Waving his lance on high and putting spurs to his gallant charger, he rushed forwards, his white plume streaming in the air, and his clear, high tones distinctly heard.

"Fly not, cravens—fly not! Death to the Moors! Forward and conquer!"

Alas it availed nothing. The soldiers pushed not forwards, and the Moors closed round the devoted warrior and his few remaining men-at-arms, trusty followers, who would not leave their lord in his great peril. Surrounded as he was, he still fought with desperation, still shouting "France and victory!" The Frenchmen heard, but they only made a faint attempt of rallying to his rescue. His followers were cut down one by one, yet still he fought. Laying aside his lance he seized his ponderous battle-axe. Raising himself in his stirrups, he wielded it with wonderful strength, and at each blow a Moorish knight rolled in the dust, and a horse careered riderless, over that bloody plain. But one man cannot hold his ground against numbers, and a well-directed blow from a lance unhorsed the now exhausted but dauntless cavalier Guarinois. As the Moor who had overthrown him was about to cleave his head from his body, the King Marlotes, one of the seven Moorish kings, dashed up.

"Slay him not, slay him not!" he shouted, "but bear him off a prisoner."

The day closed in, and darkness spread its welcome cloak over that field, which had been the scene of the bloody and fatal fight of Roncesvalles.

O, weep, ye men of France over your defeat! Weep, thou beautiful Lady Blanche, for thy brave Henri lies in a Moorish dungeon! Hide your heads in shame, ye cravens, who came not to the rescue of the brave, true Guarinois!

In an apartment of the palace sat two maidens; Xarifa and Madisma, daughters of King Marlotes. Xarifa spoke first.

"Do you wish to see this captive, the Christian knight?"

"Ay, that I do," answered Madisma, the youngest of the maidens.

"Sister, what knight have we who is his equal? Report says he is young and handsome, and we know he is brave, for alone he slew nine gallant Moorish knights. A perfect hero. Bernardo del Carpio only is as brave."

"Why, sister, you are letting your thoughts fly too far with you. Bernardo would not have allowed himself to be taken at all."

"Now, Xarifa, you are the foolish one. Out upon you! Can a single man hope to do battle with numbers and come off victorious? Your wits have indeed flown, if you do not feel that he must be a true knight, as brave, ay, braver than Del Carpio."

Having given utterance to these feelings, Madisma turned away as if wishing to put a stop to any further discussion. Xarifa laughed lightly at her sister's manner.

"Ha, ha, so thou art caught by the reports concerning this brave infidel captive knight!"

Three days had Henri Guarinois been imprisoned, though his place of confinement was light and large, and he had been treated with all kindness by the King Marlotes. He was aroused ed from a revery into which he had fallen by the opening of his prison door and the entrance of the jailer, accompanied by four attendants. No words were spoken, but he was led forth to the council hall of the palace, there to receive his sentence. King Marlotes gazed with joyful eyes upon his captive. After a silence of a few moments, he thus spoke to Guarinois, who stood calm and haughty before him.

"Hast thou found thy confinement irksome, sir count?"

"Any knight would chafe at a confinement, king, no matter how pleasant an abode, which keeps him from mounting his steed with armor girded on, and lance in hand."

The king smiled, and after stroking his beard, and pondering a moment or two, he again spoke earnestly and hurriedly.

"Now, by the name and for the sake of Allah, renounce thy faith. Become a Moslem, and with joy will I receive thee."

A derisive smile played for a moment on his handsome face, but Guarinois answered not.

"Now, listen, Count Guarinois; but become a Moslem, and thou shalt have either of my fair daughters for thy wife. Thou speakest not! If thou wishest more, more will I give thee. Speak boldly then, what is thy further wish?"

Kindly the King Marlotes spoke, for he loved his noble captive, and would fain win him for himself and daughter. Not one moment did the count pause to think, but clear and promptly came this answer.

"God forbid, and Mary his dear mother, that I should renounce the faith of Christ, and adhere to Allah. I want no wife. I have one in my sunny France; I do not need another one in Spain. No, kindly though you have spoken, and generously offered me thy child, I cannot abjure my faith or break my marriage vow."

King Marlotes's eyes flashed, and he clenched his hands in rage.

"Think once again, Count Guarinois. The offer of a king's daughter should not be lightly refused. Accept, and life, liberty, and power are thine, henceforth. Refuse, and the lowest dungeon I possess, is thy life-long abode!"

No muscle of the count's face moved, his eye quailed not beneath the fierce rage of the king. No thought of yielding had place a moment though his heart sank. Firm and calm he stood in his high courage, and his voice faltered not though he knew that his answer would shut him out forever from the pleasant light of day. Again he repeated, and his voice was clear and high:

"I cannot change my faith, or break my vow for love or life."

Marlotes sprang from his seat in fierce rage, and hoarsely he gave the order:

"Bind him hand and foot. Bear him to the dungeon, keep him beneath the vault, let him lie and perish!"

They chained him with heavy bolts of iron and rattling chains, and led him out. One last, lingering, wistful look he cast upon the bright heavens, and spreading vales, lit up by the glad warm sun, then a step forward, and the heavy, dark door that was to shut him in from all the bright life closed. On through the stillness and gloom they led him; down steps and along passages, till they reached the lowest dungeon in the castle. The only light that entered that dismal cell crept in through two chinks in the thick walls, high above his head, so that he might never hope to catch the smallest glimpse of beautiful nature. The ray of light was gray and cold, and the walls were rough and chill, in the dismal place henceforth to be the life-long abode of the young, brave knight Guarinois. When he had entered the dungeon, he turned and saw Marlotes standing at the entrance.

"This, sir knight is to be your resting-place. Once more, I offer you your freedom, if you will but embrace the faith of Allah."

Guarinois turned away, saying:

"Close the door. Ay, bolt and bar it strong, and so destroy all hope."

"By the beard of Allah," exclaimed the king, "but thou art a stubborn knight."

The door closed, and the echoing tread of the soldiers was heard no more.

Seven years have passed in gloom and woe, and only three times in each long weary year had Count Henri Guarinois breathed the free air. Three festival days in every year had he been led forth chained and guarded, to be the sport and mockery of the assembled throngs. The seven years had slowly dragged on in hopeless misery, wearily, with no hope of change save by death.

An unusual bustle and clamor in the world without had aroused Guarinois from his apathy and despair, and when his jailer brought his food, he asked him the cause.

"Is it," he asked, "another feast day when I shall be brought forth from hence to become the mark of scornful words and hate? or does some brave young knight wed the daughter of Marlotes, whom I scorned?"

The jailer replied:

"These trumpet sounds do not announce feast or bridal joy; rather hunger and sorrow. It is John the Baptist's day, when all join in jousts and tilts. The King Marlotes in his joy has placed a target as a spearsman's mark, but so high in air that all have failed to reach it to pierce the ring, or throw it down. Marlotes in his fierce rage has proclaimed by heralds through the town that no man, woman or child shall taste food till the prize be gained."

Springing to his feet the pale Guarinois spake out:

"Now help me God! were I but armed and mounted on my own gray Trebizond, all would enjoy their food full soon, for whatever the height, I would reach the prize."

The jailer marvelled. Would this pale knight, who in chains had languished seven weary years, attempt what gallant practised spearmen had failed in?

"List to me, sir jailer. Give me my trusty steed, if he is not long since dead, all caparisoned as of old; give me the trusty lance I brought with me from home, and my good armor, and I will win the prize or die."

The jailer spake with wonder in his voice:

"Seven years of gloom and imprisonment have not robbed thee of thy brave spirit. I will repair to the King Marlotes, and report to him thy words."

What hope has sprung up in the heart of steel, brave Guarinois? The jailer sought and obtained admittance to the king. The jailer found Marlotes in his listed ring, with a black cloud on his brow. He whispered to him the captive's boast. Marlotes laughed in scorn, then turning to his knights, he said:

"Listen, and you shall hear brave tidings. My prisoner Guarinois has this day made the boast that were he but mounted on his old gray steed, with lance in rest, he would win the prize ye all have failed to gain, or yield his life blood at my feet."

All assembled laughed, though the king said to them:

"Ye may laugh, but well he may boast thus, when all of ye have failed so shamefully."

Turning, he gave the order to have the captive and his horse brought forth.

"Ha, ha," he laughed, 'twill be a pleasing sight to behold the enfeebled lord who has borne gloom and chains, meet his old, ragged steed, and armed cap-a-pie in rusty armor, charge in the brilliant sun right at the mark. Methinks the sun will blind him, and he will fail."

When Guarinois appeared, the king and knights laughed more loudly. His horse, old gray Trebizond, neighed and plunged so furiously, that he freed himself from the groom and rushed madly to his master, who stroked his no longer glossy neck, and whispered to him, and he was quiet by his side. They girded on his suit of mail and cuirass, all rusty as they had hung on the wall; they laced his helmet on his pale and shrunken face, and gave him his lance. The knights watched Guarinois closely, and laughed in anticipated scorn as he approached the steed to mount.

"Fit steed to be mounted by so gallant knight," they cried; but the laugh was hushed, for with all his former grace, Guarinois vaulted lightly into the saddle. Once he slowly rode round the listed ring, then halted before the the king. Marlotes laughed.

"All hail, sir knight," he said. "Do thy best. Thy blood we long to see!"

Then Guarinois, with his lance in rest, slowly backed across the ring, paused one moment, then charged right at the breast of the scoffing, heathen king, and trod his turbaned head in the dust. Wild confusion followed this unexpected and signal act. Profiting by the confusion, and sparing neither lance nor rowel, he galloped, slaying, as he went. Forward he rode; before him lay the sunny land of France, his home, his wife—he hind him, death.

Late one night a weary knight on a jaded steed stopped at a castle gate and craved admittance.

"Unbar your gates, and up with your portcullis! I am a friend, and come in time of peace."

The warder shook his head.

"Our master, Count Guarinois, is a prisoner abroad, and our lady will admit no stranger within her hall-."

"Then haste to thy lady and say, a worn and weary knight craves admittance."

For a few minutes the knight sat there faint and weary, but soon he saw a lady closely hooded, standing in the gate house, with several attendants and the old warder beside her.

The knight bowed, then raised himself and spoke in a clear voice.

"I pray you, gentle lady, open your gates to one who has travelled far, and is faint with fatigue, and unable to hold himself on his worn out steed till he reach another resting place, and who, for so gentle a deed will ever be your debtor."

"Pardon, me, gentle knight, pardon me if I seem uncourteous, but I must keep my vow, never to admit to the hospitality of my board any stranger knight till my lord returns."

"Lady," replied the knight, "I beseech thee to admit me within thy gates. I ask not to set foot within thy halls. I ask but leave to pass thy gate."

"Noble knight," exclaimed the lady, "I do trust thy word. Lower the bridge—raise the portcullis! Ride in, sir knight!"

The gates was thrown open and the weary knight rode in. The lady stood within awaiting him. He sprang from his charger.

"I thank thee for thy courtesy, dear lady. 'Tis the first time for years that I have received friendly word or greeting. Long years have I languished in the far off dungeon of the Moors."

The lady bowed her head, then raising it she said:

"My vassals are preparing a place of shelter for thee, and I must again crave pardon for my seeming discourteousness.

After a little hesitation, she asked in a low, eager tone:

"Thou sayest thou hast escaped from the Moors. Hearest thou then aught of Count Henri Guarinois? He is my lord, and he's among the Moors. I know he is not dead," she said, raising her head and gazing mildly at the knight.

With trembling fingers that knight unbound his helmet and disclosed his features, pallid from confinement and fatigue, but his lady knew him, and as he was about to sink fainting at her feet, her arms received him. They bore him tenderly to the castle. His strength returned, and he clasped his loved Lady Blanche in his arms. All his seven years of misery, were forgotten in this moment of bliss. His loved lady through long years had cherished his image, and faithfully kept her vow.

Lights blazed everywhere. The drawbridge was lowered, the portcullis raised, and at the gates a herald stood, inviting all who passed to enter.

"Ride in, ride in, and welcome back the brave Count Henri Guarinois! Seven years he laid in a Moorish dungeon. The day has come, the day of greatest joy and triumph. Ride in, all ye noble knights, ride in! Welcome to the hero's home!"

HOW ABERNETHY GOT MARRIED.

Have I mentioned the recent death of the widow of the late John Abernethy, the great surgeon, M. D.? No? Then you will have me, I shall call the next day and take you to church." story of the way in which Abernethy got this He could only spare fifteen minutes in the house, lady to marry him. Once upon a time he and when he came out, was the accepted of a very went to church, and was shown into a pew where pretty woman. They were married on Tuesday, there were two ladies. He had no prayer-book, and he drove home with her to the stately manand the fair lady handed him a book, which stood sion, of which she thus became mistress. "My out of the pew together, and found, at the porch, that dear," said he, after he had introduced her to it was raining heavily. Abernethy offered to some of his friends assembled to receive her, take them home in his carriage, which was wait- "you must excuse me until three o'clock, for I ing. They had some chat, in the course of which have to give my lecture at Bartholomew's Hospital, which I cannot omit on any account." it came out that they were mother and daughter, They were a very happy couple; and when Abernot very well off, and widow and daughter of an nethy, estimated at something like £100,000. officer in the army. Abernethy sat them down —*London Sunday Times.*
at their humble dwelling. As he stood at their table he handed his card to the daughter, and said, "Young lady, I am Mr. Abernethy, surgeon. I have never married, for I never could spare the time. I should like to marry you. If you would have the goodness to write me a line on Tuesday, saying whether you will have me, I

ANECDOTE OF A WOLF.

At one time I had serious thoughts of training a fine female wolf in my possession as a pointer; but I was deterred, owing to the penchant she exhibited for the neighbor's pigs. She was chained in a little enclosure, just in front of my window, into which these animals, when the gate happend to be opened, occasionally found their way. The devices the wolf employed to get them in her power seemed very amusing. When she saw a pig in the vicinity of her kennel, she evidently, with the purpose of getting him off his guard, would throw herself on her side or back, wag her tail most lovingly, and look innocence personified. And his amiable demeanor would continue until the pig had approached within the length of her tether, when, in the twinkling of an eye, "Richard was himself again." Whilst young, her charges were invariably directed at the rear of the animal; and if she got hold of the tail, it was always taken off as clean as a cook would slice a carrot. Several pigs were under my care in this unlimited way, but, full grown, however, she was not altogether satisfied with this fraction of a pig, and if one of a small size approached her too near, she would pitch bodily upon it, and seizing it cross-wise in her mouth, as far as the length of her chain admitted, walk backwards and forwards with it in front of her kennel. The squeaks of the sufferer were, on the occasion, awful, piercing, and I have had only to hear them during the night to be awakened, when the morning is greeted with a sigh, and night looked for as a relief. Unless some new excitement, some stirring incentive to fresh exertion be made or found, ennui takes possession of the soul's tenement, and man becomes a suicide or an hypochondriac.—*Goethe.*

There is a period in every person's life when his existence drags heavily, when the weary-footed hours seem as if they were leaden-heeled, when the morning is greeted with a sigh, and night looked for as a relief. Unless some new excitement, some stirring incentive to fresh exertion be made or found, ennui takes possession of the soul's tenement, and man becomes a suicide or an hypochondriac.—*Goethe.*

PYROTECHNICS IN OLDEN TIMES.

Fireworks, for pastime, are little spoken of previous to the reign of Elizabeth. We are told when Anne Boleyn was conveyed by water from Greenwich to London, previous to her coronation in 1533, "there went before the lord mayor's barge a fuyste or galley, for a wafter full of ordnance; in which fuyste was a great, red dragon, continually moving, and casting forth wild fire; and round about the said fuyste stood terrible, monstrous and wilde men, casting forth fire and making a hideous noise." This vessel, with the fireworks, is supposed to have been usually exhibited when the lord mayor went on the water, and especially on lord mayor's day. Among the spectacles prepared for the diversion of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, in 1575, there were displays of fireworks; as, "a blaze of burning darts flying to and fro; beams of stars corruscant; streams and hail of fire sparks; lightnings of wild fire on the water and on the land; flight and shot of thunderbolts;" likewise "fireworks running under water a long space; and when all men thought that they had been quenched, they would rise and mount out of the water again, and burne furiously until they were utterly consumed." Again, sixteen years afterwards, the same queen was entertained by the Earl of Hereford, at Elvetham, in Hampshire; and after supper there was a grand display of fireworks. "There was a castle of fireworks of all sorts which played in the fort; answerable to that there was, at the Snail Mount, a globe of all manner of fireworkes, as big as a barrel. When these were spent, there were many running rockets on lines. On either side were many firebweels, jakes of pleasure and balkes of wild fire which burned in the water." A writer, who lived in the reign of James I., assures us there were then "abiding in the city of London, men very skilful in the art of pyrotechnie, or of firewurkes." But so far as one can judge from the machinery delineated in the books formerly written upon the subject of firework-making, these exhibitions were very clumsily contrived; consisting chiefly in wheels, fire-trees, jerks and rockets; to which were added men fantastically habited, who flourished away with poles or clubs, charged with squibs or crackers, and fought with each other, or jointly attacked a wooden castle replete with the same materials, or combated with pasteboard dragons running on lines, and "vomiting of fire like verie furies." These men, fantastically habited, were called "Green Men." Thus in the "Seven Champions of Christendom," a play written by John Kirke, and printed in 1638, it is said, "Have you any squibs, any green men in your shows, and whizzes on lines, jack-padding on the rope, or resin fireworks?" These "green men" attended the pageants to clear the way; they were disguised with droll masks, having large staves or clubs, headed with cases of crackers.—*N. Y. Express.*

A SCHEMING ZOUAVE.

The German Universal Gazette has the following anecdote, stated to have occurred before Sebastopol. The French having remarked an unusual activity among the garrison of the Quarantine Fort, were anxious to know the cause of it, and for that purpose determined to get hold of some Russian sentinel at the outposts. But, that was no easy matter, the sentinels being usually on the alert, and taking good care to keep out of danger. At last a Zouave offered to furnish the article in question. That very night a wachful Muscovite heard a rustling among the bushes. He cried, "Who goes there?" but the only answer he received was a grunt. "Thinks he to himself, "This is some fat pig that has deserted from the enemy. Bless me, if I could only get hold of it, and smuggle it into the fort, so that our officers may not lay hold of it!" With this view he returns the grunt, the conversation becomes interesting to both parties, and desires approach. He lays down his musket to seize it, but O horror, the treacherous beast turns the tables upon him, throws him down and gags him in no time, then with a low whistle he calls five Zouaves to his aid, who carry off his victim to the French camp in triumph.

The danger of the great is like to them that be on the top of high and sharp mountains, whence they cannot descend but fall. Wherefore prove unto yourself such faithful friends as shall rather stay you from falling than such as will reach unto you their hands, to help you up when you be down.—*Soldier.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL BOUND.

We have the first seven volumes of the PICTORIAL elegantly bound in cloth, and with gilt edges; forming superb and not attractive parlor ornaments in the shape of a series of books of 416 pages each, containing nearly 1000 engravings of men, manners and current events all over the world; of scenery in all parts of the globe: of famous cities and instructive subjects; with title-pages and indexes complete.

Besides the many illustrations, they embrace in their pages a vast amount of original tales, sketches, poems and novelettes from the best American authors, with a current news record of the times altogether forming a most exceedingly novel and elegant series for future reference and present enjoyment, both in regard to reading matter and illustrations.

They can be sent by express to any part of the country, on the receipt of $6 per volume.

For sale at our office, and at all the periodical depots throughout the Union, at $6 per volume.

M. M. BALLOU, PUBLISHER,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston, Mass.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

The object of the paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of original tales, sketches and poems, by the

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS,

and the events of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design in this country. Its pages contain a class of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, and of the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin surface paper, with new and beautiful type, presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. The whole forms a mammoth weekly paper of thirteen octavo pages. Each six months making a volume of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year,	$2 00
4 subscribers, "	10 00
10 " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate shall receive the seventeenth copy gratis.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4 00.

☞ Traveling agents are not employed on this paper.

☞ The PICTORIAL may be obtained at any of the periodical depots throughout the country, and of newsmen, at *six cents* per single copy.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S FRENCH, 121 Nassau Street, New York.
A. WINCH, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
HENRY TAYLOR, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
A. C. BAILEY, corner 4th and Sycamore Sts., Cincinnati.
J. A. REED, 63 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.
E. K. WOODWARD, corner 4th and Chestnut Sts., St. Louis.
MILLER & [illegible] Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.
SAMUEL RICHARDS, Louisville, Kentucky.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

AFAR FROM THEE.

BY MIRA LISSIE DOWELSON.

Afar from thee, to-night, darling,
My heart beats wearily;
Afar, afar from thee to-night,
How sad earth looks to me.
The moon smiles gently down, darling,
With many a silver gleam;
But brighter smiles of olden time
Are ever in my dream.

'Tis many a month agone, darling,
Since last I met with thee;
And the pure joy of those bright days
Can ne'er return to me.
I know thou art far away, darling,
I know thou art estranged;
But, though we may be friends no more,
My heart can ne'er be changed.

O meet me once again, darling,
And clasp my hand once more;
And let me hear thy gentle tone,
As in the days of yore.
I miss thy sunny smile, darling—
The glance of thy dark eye;
O, meet me, dearest, once again,
As in the days gone by.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

JOE GRUMMET'S COURTSHIP.

BY FREDERICK WARD.

"Come, Joe," said I, as we were walking fore and aft in the waist, "spin some kind of a yarn to pass the time." It had been blowing a stiff gale for the last twenty four hours, during which time we had gradually shortened sail, until no more could be taken off her, and the ship was now laying to, under close-reefed main-topsail and storm-staysail, a position in which she behaved splendidly, keeping her nose close to the wind, and rising and falling on the tremendous swell which was now running, as if she had been a duck.

There is no time when less is to be done on board a ship than when fairly laid to in a gale of wind; consequently, most of the watch had turned in for a snooze under the lee of the galley and long-boat. A landsman would probably have been thinking of something else than sleep in such a storm, but with a bran new main-top sail of number one Russia duck, a trifle thinner than the palm of your hand, we felt as safe, blow hard as it would, as if moored head and stern in the safest harbor in the world.

"Come, Joe," I repeated, as he made me no answer, "how about that yarn?"

"O, you've heerd all the yarns that ever I knew, 'cept them as I've forgot," replied Joe, leaning over the pig pen on the fore hatch, and discharging a stream of tobacco juice directly into the eye of one of its unfortunate occupants, who commenced squealing as if its heart was broken, whereupon each of his brothers in captivity set up a sympathetic squeal, and commenced running against and poking each other over, with the evident intention of consoling their suffering companion, who was not gentleman enough to like tobacco.

[illegible] chap as you," continued Joe; "I never gits no peace of my life for you, all the time a chowzering a feller for yarns, and never spins one yerself from one month's end to another. I don't know no more yarns, and I wont tell you none, so there's all about it."

I saw that I had taken Joe on the wrong tack, so, after a turn or two around the galley, I went down into the forecastle, lit my pipe, and coming up, asked him "if he wouldn't take a pull?" This rather softened him, and we began talking of the weather,—about this storm, and other storms we had seen; this was precisely what I wanted, for I knew it would lead to a yarn. After talking for some time, and bewailing the hard life that sailors have to lead, "How is it," said I, "that so many go to sea? I never knew a sailor who commenced going to sea and followed it up because he liked it; they all seem to be driven to it for some reason."

"Wall, it's 'bout so," said he. "I've bin going to sea nigh upon thirty year, and I've got so used to it now that I s'pose I shall keep going for thirty year to come; but I might hev stopped ashore long ago, if so be I hadn't had disappointments." Joe here heaved a sigh that might have been heard half a mile in still weather.

"Disappointments, Joe?" said I; "what kind of disappointments,—did you expect a legacy?"

"No, I didn't expect no legersee, whatsumever that may be. I was what they call crossed in love, when I was a youngster, and so—what yer larfin' at, you thunderin' sea-lawyer?"

"I'm not laughing,—I only swallowed a piece of tobacco," said I, trying to hide the laugh which had been forced from me at the unexpected announcement; the idea was so irresistibly ludicrous, that our Joe, who boasted, and not without reason, that every hair of his head was a rope yarn and every finger a marlin-spike, should own himself a victim to the tender passion. I should as soon have thought of a love-sick whale, for Joe's claim to the title of monster of the deep, both as regarded size and appearance, would not have been disputed by any reasonable person.

"Wall, Joe, but that was not the reason of your first coming to sea?"

"No, I come to sea in the first place, because I couldn't do nothin' else. I wasn't much bigger than a good sized monkey, when I come down from Connecticut, so I took the fust chance I could get, and that was aboard a little brig, up fer the West Indies, fer a cargo of larses. I went cabin-boy fust, but I kept a growin' so that the cap'n said as how it wasn't safe for me to go cabin-boy no longer, fer I might wake up some mornin' and find I'd growed too big to get out of the companion-way, and so have to pass the rest of my days in solitary confinement, in the larses trade. Arter that I went before the mast, I didn't hev no money when I started, and I've held my own ever since."

"So you are a Connecticut boy, are you, from the land of steady habits, eh?"

"Yes, that's what they calls it, and that's just the reason why I left it. The old shark as I lived with was in the habit of keeping me at work about sixteen hours a day, and he kept so steady at it that he used to forget when Sunday come."

"But how was it about the love affair, Joe? I never had any experience myself, and you might teach me enough, so that if ever I should happen to be cruising in those waters I should need no pilot.

"Wal, the way of it was jest this," said Joe, now fairly in for a yarn, as he settled himself into the bight of the fore topgallant halyards. "When I was about two and twenty, I was paid off with about one hundred and eighty dollars, and found myself adrift in Boston, with no one to call master. It was the first time that I ever had so much money, and I meant to take the benefit of it, so I started to look for a boarding-house. I wasn't going to take up with none of your common jack-nastiface chain-lockers, for I felt as big as a dog with two tails, and was in for a reg'lar out and outer. Well, I kept hacking and filling about Ann Street and North Square, but didn't find anything that looked just right for a chap with all that money; so I walks myself into a bar room, and comes to an anchor under the lee of the stove, to hold a council of war. I hadn't sot there long, afore a chap comes in, a reg'lar swell, you'd hev set him down fer a cap'n, at the very lowest count. He looks at me fer a while, but I didn't let on that I noticed him. Bime-by he hailed me.

"'Jack,' says he, 'wont you take a drink?'

"'Yes,' says I, 'I don't mind if I do, at my expense.' He wanted to pay fer it himself, at first, but I wouldn't let him; so we had our drinks, and I pulls out a hull fist full of sovereings, half eagles, and sich like ballast, and throws one on 'em down on the bar, as unconsarned as if I'd handled nothin' else but gold all my life. He grew 'mazin' civil to me arter he saw the money, and come and set down side of me.

"Wal, we sot there a while, spinning cuffers to each other, he pretending to believe all I told him. If ever I lied, it was that identical arternoon; but no yarn was too tough for him, he would hoist in anything. I could see that he wasn't anybody's fool, so I made up my mind that he wanted something of me. Bime-by it comes out.

"'Jack,' says he, 'where are you stopping?'

"'Nowhere, just at present,' says I, 'I don't keer about stopping in any of these chain-lockers, but I don't find anything much better.'

"'I know what you want,' says he; 'just you come with me, and I'll rig you out like a stu'nsail boom.'

"So we took another drink, and laid our course about son' southeast for Fort Hill.

"We had a fine run all the way, with a leading breeze, only we were taken aback just abreast of a grog-shop on Broad Street, where they sold reg'lar chain lightnin', fer three cents a glass, that would kill a man at thirty paces.

"When we got to his place—for this chap was the boarding-master—and took a look round, I made up my mind that I'd found just what I [illegible] you; they never took more than twelve at a time to board, and there was three sleeping rooms, so we wasn't all crowded up in a bunch, as in most boarding houses. Every morning the rooms was swept and new sanded, and all sorts of figgers wiggled out in the sand with a broom; then there was a looking-glass in each room, as big as the top of my chist, and a little, tall, spindle shanked table, with a hole in the top, and a big earthen bowl rigged into it for washing yerself, d'ye mind, and a big jug of water, besides other kinds of crockery, for all the world like a gentleman's house. So I told him that 'I'd stop with him, and he might send fer my dunnage as soon as he liked.'

"Well, he went out to look after it, and I set in the bar room smoking, and mighty busy thinking of nothing, when a dray stopped at the door, and rolled off a couple of barrels of flour. The chap that brought 'em looked in and axed 'If 'twas all right?' I told him I didn't know, but I'd find out. So I went to the top of the cellar stairs, and hailed the gals that I heard talking and snikering in the cellar kitchen.

"'O, yes,' one on 'em sings out, 'everything is right that comes here.' Thinks I, that's a sort of overhanded compliment to me. She had a mighty nice kind of voice, too; it sounded as pleasant as the steward calling all hands to grog, after a reefing match. Bime-by, up she comes to look after the flour, and a nicer looking craft than that gal I never clapped my two eyes on to. She wasn't none of your milk and molasses looking gals, none of your clipper built affairs, but a reg'lar three decker; she was nigh about as tall as you are, and didn't weigh a pound less than a hundred and eighty. There was something worth talking to her with,—not like your little creeters, that you can't be more'n half in love with, because there aint half enough of 'em. Her hair was a little red, to be sure,—some chaps pretends that they don't like red hair, but I do, it makes a gal look spunky. Then she had an arm and fist that wouldn't have looked bad on a stevedore. I see that she was a mighty powerful young lady, by the way she mittened one of the barrels of flour. Well, I was struck all aback when she first come into the room, she looked so harnsome, in her bright yaller gown, with green sprigs on it, and a great long glass earring slung to each ear. As soon as she fisted one of the barrels, I jumps up and grabs the other, 'Sha'n't I help you, marm?' says I.

"'Yes, sir,' says she, as perlite and lady-like as ever you heerd, 'I'd be much obleeged to you if you'd jest lend a hand with the tother barrel.'

"So I picks up my barrel and follered her. When we'd got the two of 'em stowed away in the cellar, all snug, I turned round and looks at her, and she looked at me. I knowed that I ought to say something to make myself agreeable, but I somehow didn't know what to say—sort of bashful like, you see. I hadn't been much in genteel society afore, so I stood there a minute or two, twisting my hat round and round, as if I was expecting to find something on the side farthest from me, like a pup after his tail. She began to giggle, so I up and says, 'Fine day, marm.'

"'Yes, sir,' says she, 'stunning weather, fine wind for outward bounders, too.'

"'Yes, marm,' says I, then I was palled again for something to say.

"'You haven't been ashore a great while, have you, sir?' says she.

"'No, marm,' says I, kind of confused like, 'I haven't yet, but I calculate to be before long.'

"My words all come broadside on,—I couldn't get 'em into shape, no how,—there wasn't no more talk in me than a porpus; so I made one of my perlitest bows, and went up into the bar-room again. The boarding-master had come back with my dunnage, so I began talking with him about this gal. Her name, he said, was Nancy Smith, that she come from away down in the State of Maine, somewheers, and was going to work for him that winter, as a sort of pot-slewer. He allowed that he was proud to have her in the house, for she could lick any two gals that travelled round them corners, and a drunken sailor wasn't no more in her hands than a kitten.

"'Has she got any chap sparking round her,' says I, kind of innocent like.

"'Hillo!' says he, 'so you've got a fancy that way, have you? you'll have to work your cards pretty smart if you expects to catch her; there's been more than a dozen chaps tried that on since I knew her, but they didn't make out much, she's so suspicious of 'em, because, you know, she's an heiress.'

"'A which?' says I, for I didn't know what it was, then.

"'An heiress,' says he; 'that's what they call a single young woman what has got money of her own, and aint married.'

"'O, is that all?' says I, kind of relieved, 'I thought it meant something else. How much money has she got?'

"'Wall, it aint exactly money, neither. You see, soon after she come down here, her father died, and left her six or seven hundred dollars' worth of woodland down east, and she thinks all the chaps have got an eye to her property, as she calls it. She'd make a profitable wife for any man. I'd marry her myself, if I hadn't got two wives already, one here and another in England.'

"Wall, he promised to speak a good word for me, and put me up to the moves, and so he did; he couldn't hev done more for me, or treated me better, if I had been his own brother. He was a real gentleman, that chap, and as good hearted a feller as ever I run afoul of. When I heerd, a year or two after, that as how he'd got ten years in state prison, for hitting a chap over the head, and pulling his watch and money, I was as sorry as if it had been myself. I got a good deal better acquainted with Nancy that night, and we sat by the stove after supper, talking away like old shipmates, and she promised to go with me to the theatre. I thought that was doing pretty well for a green hand.

"The next morning I started to take a cruise [illegible] you; they never took more than twelve at a time to board, and there was three sleeping rooms, so we wasn't all crowded up in a bunch, as in most boarding houses. Every morning the rooms was swept and new sanded, and all sorts of figgers wiggled out in the sand with a broom; then there was a looking-glass in each room, as big as the top of my chist, and a little, tall, spindle shanked table, with a hole in the top, and a big earthen bowl rigged into it for washing yerself, d'ye mind, and a big jug of water, besides other kinds of crockery, for all the world like a gentleman's house. So I told him that 'I'd stop with him, and he might send fer my dunnage as soon as he liked.'

"Well, he went out to look after it, and I set in the bar room smoking, and mighty busy thinking of nothing, when a dray stopped at the door, and rolled off a couple of barrels of flour. The chap that brought 'em looked in and axed 'If 'twas all right?' I told him I didn't know, but I'd find out. So I went to the top of the cellar stairs, and hailed the gals that I heerd